



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 32 – Number 4

August 2014

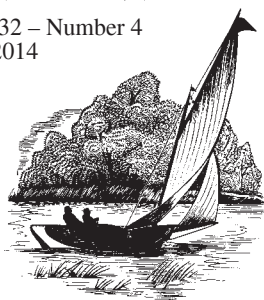
Special Features This Issue
SWS Spring Cruise Reports – Cedar Key Scenes
Wind and Rain in the Woods of Maine
Old Theme, New Horizons – Having a Hunch
Fishing Schooner with the “Ermin” Trimmed Stern



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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

On page 13 we have a somewhat differently formatted report on a small boat cruise. The latest edition of the *Shallow Water Sailor* carried six different views on that group's annual Spring Cruise, their 35th annual gathering since Peter Duff started it all in 1979 to promote his interest in shallow water sailing and his then quite novel Dovekie sailboat designed just for that purpose. Ken Murphy, the editor of *Shallow Water Sailing*, and the six authors all were agreeable to sharing their experiences with you and you'll find this to be a presentation of varied viewpoints.

The wrap up report by John Zohlen, who was, for many years, editor of *Shallow Water Sailor*, raised an issue of some concern to him about the event's future. He stated it as follows:

"It is very satisfying to see such enthusiasm for shallow water sailing, but we do need to attract more younger shallow water sailors to these Spring Cruises or else there will eventually be just "sans boat" people at the Sunday lunches. Seriously, it is time for us to recruit the next generation of shallow water sailors."

The "sans boat" folks were those who no longer participated in the Cruise afloat but still turned up to socialize at the concluding shoreside dinner. John's concern about lack of younger participants echoes similar concerns in many other recreational activities. As the "old timers" drop out when old age infirmities begin to get in the way of enjoying the activity, whatever it may be, the need arises for younger enthusiasts to join in. John suggests to the SWS members that, "I am looking forward to seeing everyone again on the 36th Annual Spring Cruise. And bring another sailor to that cruise, a young sailor!"

So, who might this young sailor be? Most logically a young adult family member. Our kids don't always grow up enjoying the activities we do, once they are old enough to not have to share their parents' enthusiasms they find something else that grabs them. Today the options are manifold and most offer more active, exciting and adventurous opportunities than laid back poking about in backwaters in small sailboats.

My own personal experience has been a fortunate one in that my son grew up during my motorcycle racing years and here was a sport with great attraction to young men. He followed in my wheel tracks with his own racing career, at which we became avid followers, and after his retirement from competition he joined me in non competitive adventuring off road, culminating on a ten day adventure ride in Mexico's Baja peninsula with a group of my riding friends. That latter adventure was the nearest we came to a laid back "cruise" on our bikes.

The point of my personal experience was that I happened to indulge in a game that had basic appeal to youth. In sailing this manifests itself in the form of summer racing at yacht or sailing clubs. The older adult sharing of that experience comes in coaching and taking care of background arrangements. How does one attract the young racing sailor to so poky an event as a small boat backwater cruise?

Failing to achieve this, which is the most likely outcome in my view, the "young sailor" we're looking for is more likely to be found amongst those of the age you were when you first found such sailing outings as a spring cruise attractive, perhaps amongst the 30 somethings still enjoying sailing but now beyond of their competitive years. Doing some numbers on this SWS Spring Cruise now having run 35 years and noting the age related reasons some are now bowing out of overnight camping in cramped small sailboats suggests to me that they were in their 30s when they got hooked on it.

Perhaps amongst the participants in the one day or weekend messabouts many of our readers enjoy can be found those ready to expand their boating horizons beyond that gathering at a beach for a day or two of messing about locally. They may not be youthful in years but still have a youthful spirit and physical capabilities sufficient to try extended outings afloat with kindred spirits indulging in exploration of new sailing venues.

On the Cover...

That's a pretty nice Adirondack Guideboat on a beach, isn't it? Builder Rob Ecker has named his creation *Grants Ghost*, based on an original design built by a pre eminent Adirondack builder, Dwight Grant of Boonville, New York. Rob tells us more about this project on page 38, including why he built it 1/8th scale.



From the Journals of Constant Waterman

By Matthew Goldman
Constantwaterman.com

I didn't sleep well last night. The bunk aboard *MoonWind*, my 26' sloop, is stuffed with too many memories. It dropped to nearly freezing by dawn, and I thought my brittle ears might break each time I rolled over. When the tepid light came creeping into my cabin through the port lights, I turned away and hid in my sleeping bag. At half past six I had urgencies of a personal nature that clamored for my attention. Being nearly awake and vertically disposed, I began my day.

The one thing I look forward to every morning is my French Roast. That and the chance to write down some of the facts I dream during the night. Somewhere along the way I manage breakfast. If I'm in a charitable mood, I wash my dishes. By half past nine, I'm ready to face the business part of my day. This presently involved unshipping my kayak, and loading her with a bag of books and fliers. As requested, the wind and sea in Block Island's Great Salt Pond spread unseasonably calm. In the mile-wide harbor, only a handful of pleasure boats were moored this late in the year.

I paddled from my mooring to the beach behind Payne's wharf. The piers were deserted, the businesses all closed. The waters around the wharf were spangled with small white jellies that feebly pulsed in the clear but cooling harbor. I ran the prow of my kayak up onto the sand. The foreshore was littered with jellyfish. They reminded me of clear glass canning jar covers, the kind you affix with a bail. I leaned my kayak against the wall that supports the end of the road. I stowed my paddles and life vest within her and tied her to a bollard.

The walk to Old Harbor, the commercial hub of Block Island, is only a mile. I slung my sack across my shoulder and stepped forth into the future. It's a thing I do at least once a day, if only to keep in practice. The weathered cottages seemed for the most part deserted, as were the boarding houses. The small salt pond beside the road had only a handful of ducks. Most of the resident populace, with and without feathers, seek out a warmer climate for the winter.

The entire staff of the *Block Island Times* conferred on how to fill their pages. They both jumped up to greet me with such alacrity that I knew they needed a story. I bestowed upon the editor a whole book full. Then I went to the library. The librarian was pleased to receive a book from so renowned an author. She learned I was famous, I told her so myself. She assured me the Friends of the Library would schedule a book signing for me in the summer. Anchoring in Great Salt Pond may be problematic then, but at least I won't suffer from frostbite.

One bookshop was closed for the season. The other would open at noon, the note assured me. I wandered down to Old Harbor and watched the ferry arrive. The ferry needs to back and turn to approach the landing to turn loose her cars and trucks. A brand new Peter Built tractor-trailer nuzzled against her gate. On the starboard side, the UPS truck quietly chewed her cud. On the port side, a tousled pickup truck lowed impatiently. The skipper made a perfect landing and the deck hand raised the gate. The various vehicles bolted ashore and made their ways out to pasture.

Within the breakwater walls is a tiny anchorage. Of the few remaining boats, one sloop, in the shallows, rested on her bottom and leaned far over to admire her reflection. Amazing how vain some little boats can be.

I returned to the bookshop just as the clerk unlocked the door and disappeared into the back. The lights were still off as I wandered in and perused the shelves of aspiring bestsellers. The clerk, a young woman, reappeared and kindly received my journals. The owner would not return until the weekend.

It was one o'clock and all my business was done. With intent to frivol a bit of time, I entered a little bakeshop. I ordered a mug of homemade soup and settled at one of two tables. The sun streamed through the front window. Two pedestrians passed by the shop during the half an hour I sat there. One other customer homesteaded at the far table. Johnny Cash grumbled disgruntledly from the speakers. I heard the ferry's rumbled response as she backed away from the pier.

Tomorrow I'll sail the twenty-two crisp miles home to Connecticut. I'll probably have the wind and sea to myself. For now, the afternoon is mine to enjoy. I disembark from the bakery and, stretching my arms to either shore, embrace the entire island.



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You write to us about...

Activities & Events...

Bayfront Maritime Festival

The Erie, Pennsylvania, Bayfront Maritime Center will host its 2014 Small Boat Festival August 15-16. The festival includes BMC's Fifth Annual Cardboard Boat Regatta on Saturday August 16 and the Third Annual Presque Isle Bay Messabout, Friday and Saturday.

The Fifth Annual Cardboard Boat Regatta provides families, friends, co workers and organizations with a fun, challenging, team building opportunity to strengthen communication, problem solving, building and paddling skills. Teams construct boats using cardboard, tape, glue and paint and paddle their creations during races at BMC's waterfront campus.

The Third Annual Presque Isle Bay Messabout brings handcrafted vessels of all types for a weekend of "messing about" on Presque Isle Bay and exploring Erie.

Please visit our website, www.bayfrontcenter.org, or call (814) 456-4077, to learn more about the Small Boat Festival and BMC's other programs.



Antique & Classic Boat Festival

The 32nd Annual Antique & Classic Boat Festival takes place on August 23-24 at the Brewer Hawthorne Cove Marina, 10 White St, Salem, Massachusetts. This is a rare chance to see vintage motor yachts and sailboats, board vessels, meet crews and vote for your favorite boats! Boats entering don't have to be in "show" condition. The spirit of the Festival is to gather together the grand old craft and all who love them. Info and boat entry: (617) 666-8530, www.boatfestival.org, Facebook.

Annual Antique & Classic Boat Show
The Barnegat Bay, New Jersey, Chapter ACBS 31st Annual Antique & Classic Boat Show takes place at Johnson Bros Boat Yard, 1800 Bay Ave, Pt Pleasant, New Jersey, on September 13 (rain date next day). This is an ACBS judged show with 50-60 boats expected, all types welcome, in water or on trailer. For details contact Stu Sherk at (610) 277-2121 or Ken Motz at (908) 910-3653.

Adventures & Experiences...

Still on the Go

I thank you for the splendid job you did with my Canning River article ("The Gray Silence") in the June issue. The Conovers whom you mention in your "Commentary" are long time friends. I went on nine trips with them. I flew to Alaska on June 10 to join my Kongakut River rafting trip.

Dick Winslow, Rye, NH

Information of Interest...

Ships That Pass

On Page 51 of the June issue is the poem "Ships That Pass" by "C." Fox Smith that was submitted by Jim McKelvey, Newark, Delaware. A line in the poem states, "The flag of a Dago republic..." Dago was anyone from Italy, Spain or Portugal. In the present "politically correct" era it is a slur. However, when Fox Smith wrote the poem it was acceptable in everyday usage.

In a footnote Jim stated, "... It speaks of two ships passing at sea, one ship on patrol during WWI, the other a rusty old sailing vessel. Turns out, the guy conning the patrol boat had served his time on the old sailing vessel. Sad, but sweet, little story..."

Actually, it was a gal named Cicely Fox Smith who wrote her poem about a ship that passed in the daytime. Jim, his father and (from excerpts about C. Fox Smith in Wikipedia) many others also assumed C. was a he.

C. Fox Smith

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/C._Fox_Smith

Cicely Fox Smith (1 February 1, 1828–April 1954) was an English poet and writer. Born in Lymm, Cheshire and educated at Manchester High School for Girls, she briefly lived in Canada, before returning to the United Kingdom shortly before the outbreak of World War I. She settled in Hampshire and began writing poetry, often with a nautical theme. Smith wrote over 600 poems in her life for a wide range of publications. In later life she expanded her writing to a number of subjects, fiction and nonfiction. For her services to literature, the British Government awarded her a small pension.

From 1912 to 1913 she resided in the James Bay neighborhood of Victoria, British Columbia, at the southern tip of Vancouver Island, working as a typist for the BC Lands Department and later for an attorney on the

waterfront. Her spare time was spent roaming nearby wharves and alleys, talking to residents and sailors alike. She listened to, and learned from, the sailors' tales until she too was able to speak with that authoritative nautical air that pervades her written work.

On November 23, 1913, Smith, with her mother and sister, arrived home in Liverpool aboard the White Star Line steamer *Teutonic* on the eve of World War I. She and her family then settled in Hampshire. She soon put her experiences to use in a great outpouring of poetry, some of it clearly focused on supporting England's war efforts. Much of her poetry was from the point of view of the sailor.

The detailed nautical content of her poems made it easy to understand why so many readers assumed that Smith was male. One correspondent wrote to her as "Capt Fox Smith" and when she tried to correct him he wrote back, "You say you are not a master but you must be a practical seaman. I can always detect the hand of an amateur." He was almost correct. She was familiar with life at sea as few armchair amateurs would ever be. It was only when she was well established that she started routinely using the byline "Miss C. Fox Smith" or "Cicely Fox Smith."

In June 2012, *The Complete Poetry of Cicely Fox Smith*, edited by Charles Ipcar (US) and James Saville (UK) was published by Little Red Tree Publishing in the US and contains all her known poems.

Smith kept writing to the end of her life about many things and many places but always with the accuracy and knowledge of an expert. She even chose her own grave-stone epitaph, an extract from one of Walter Raleigh's poems:

But from this earth
This grave
This dust
My lord shall raise me up
I trust

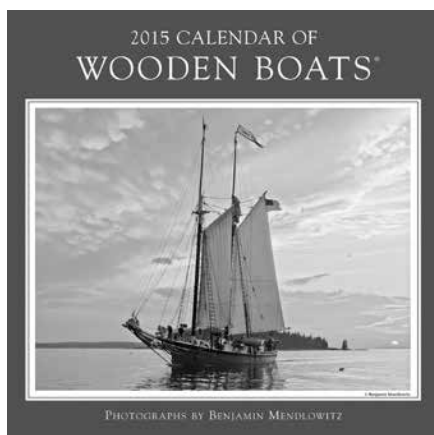
Cicely Fox Smith died on April 8, 1954, in the town of Bow, Devon, where she'd been living with her sister Madge. Smith is now gaining a wider audience as more and more musicians are putting her poems to music and producing many fine songs, primarily in the nautical folk song tradition, over 70 of her poems have so far been adapted for singing and have been recorded. It is hoped that the new anthology will help further such interest in the creative work of this fine writer.

John W. Cooper, San Antonio, TX

Optical Correction

I just re read my letter, "Some Additional Safety Hints," in the June issue. Bit of an oops... I intended to write "...30-50mm objective lenses..." not "50 power objective lenses..." 50 power binoculars would be impossible to use on a boat, 7-8 power would be manageable.

Derek Van Loan, Mill Valley, CA



2015 Calendar of Wooden Boats®

The 2015 edition of the Calendar of Wooden Boats® offers 12 never before published photographs of classic wooden boats in a variety of coastal settings. Rich color, dramatic lighting and attention to detail are the ingredients that set the mood for this unique calendar. There are a variety of sail and power boats featured, ranging from an Abaco sloop to a Herreshoff P-boat and a unique Joel White cabin cruiser. The *Lewis R. French*, a Maine cruise schooner, graces our 2015 cover. The insightful and entertaining captions accompanying each image are written by wooden boat expert Maynard Bray, who has been providing the text since the calendar's inception. The Calendar of Wooden Boats® is an elegant 12"x24" wall format and is available at bookstores, chandleries, select retailers and directly from NOAH Publications for \$16.95. For more information visit us online at www.noahpublications.com.

Jones Boats Website Up and Running

I'd be grateful if you'd notify your readers that, after a few months absence, Jones boats website is online again at: www.jonesboatstuckahoe.com.

Fair winds,
Carol Jones, Tuckahoe, NJ

This Magazine...

How About Thomas Firth Jones?

How about doing an article on Thomas Firth Jones, author of *Low Resistance Boats*? I built a Dobler Utility Skiff from plans from Tom Jones and it has given me a lot of service. I'm not sure if his widow Carol is still selling the plans but his books have a lot of practical information for anyone who wants to get started with a simple design. I don't think I could have built our Rescue Minor without having first built that Dobler Skiff.

Mark Nelson, Hillsboro, OR

Editor Comments: See Carol Jones letter about her Jones Boats website.

Messing About in Steamboats

If I get energetic enough I will send you an article about messing about in my steamboat for a week in the Thousand Islands on the St Lawrence Seaway.

Kent Lacey, Captain and Chief Strategist, Devotee of Nautical Impulsion, The Steam Investment Co, Old Lyme, CT

Editor Comments: We welcome any and all small boat related articles readers wish to share with one another on our pages. They are the lifeblood of each issue.



The Need for Speed

By Dan Rogers

There's this thing I'll call "The Need for Speed" that seems to arise now and again, even amongst we more rational sailboat types. Basically, if we have a boat and a motor with an advanceable throttle, sooner or later we're all gonna give it a push to the stops. I admit as much as the next guy that the slam back effect of a small skiff leaping from three knots at half throttle to a "screaming" 3.75 knots with that one pony's throat simply gulping air and gas is just about as compelling as maybe hitting red line on your neighbor's metal flake bass boat. It's the same ball cap turned backwards. It's the same grin of sheer devil may care. OK, it's not quite the same.

I've been experimenting. Little *Shenanigan* was originally supposed to be a 5kt boat for the meandering estuary, but I don't

have any meandering estuaries around my house. And the small motor that I figured on using didn't quite reach the water after I built up the stern higher to deal with incipient flooding issues. But I do have this really nice 32-year-old long shaft two stroke, a full 25 ponies worth, with controls and mechanical steering.

No ersatz, faux tuglet is supposed to travel in that netherworld above 20 knots. But here she is, too small to carry more than about one-and-a-half people, too narrow to be really stable if one of those folks leans over to retrieve a lost ball cap from the water. Kinda hard to see out of the cabin from the helm seat. But just go open up that ol' Mariner and listen to him howl. Pretty cool, no? I'll hold your hat for ya.

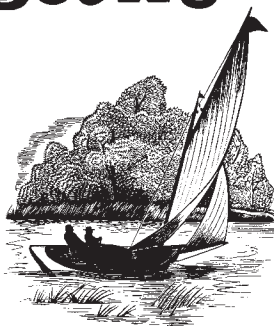
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Sea Trials: A Lone Sailor's Race Toward Home

By Peter J. Bourke
International Marine-June, 2014-HC-\$24
How one man used sailing to soothe his
life's rough seas discovered sailing and
soothed his own stormy seas

The Publisher's Description

Three years after his wife's death, Peter Bourke bought a boat, even though he was still a novice sailor. Sailing, he had discovered, helped him to work through the grief of his wife's sudden death. After three years he had transformed into able seaman. In 2009, Peter Bourke entered OSTAR, the Oldest Singlehanded Trans Atlantic Race, at the ripe age of 58.

Sea Trials: A Lone Sailor's Race Toward Home is a nautical memoir, Bourke's account of those 40 days of racing on his 44' sailboat *Rubicon*. It's a story of passage, of adventure, time, grief, remembrance and finally facing the future. As a travelogue, we share the wheel with Bourke as he crosses the English Channel, following his passage in the race which ends in Narragansett Bay, Rhode Island. Told with grace, insight and humility, the book bares both the boredom and adventure of racing solo and provides insights to the value of going to sea.

Sea Trials also offers a fresh perspective on finding sailing and going to sea in mid life. Bourke's narrative touches on:

Letting go: Of the office, of retirement expectations ("this is not your dad's retirement").

Clarity: Memories of his wife and popping the question three times before she said yes (in Paris).

Risk: On quitting his Wall Street job, on learning to sail, on aversion to irrational risks.

Friends and family: The values and trials of both.

The book is a poignant, gripping, insightful window into 40 days racing solo in a sailboat. For Bourke, it provides reflection, solace, adventure and a renewed passion for life which allows him the full return referenced in the subtitle.

Writes Bourke, "The captain of a sailing vessel must be a craftsman who can fashion his boat and his behavior to the rhythms of the sea. At the end of a passage, that ephemeral construction that was the passage goes to memory, where it cures and reflects who you are." This is the essence of his experiences in *Sea Trials*.

This Reviewer's Views

By Bob Hicks

This turned out to be a good read. Its format is in 40 chapters, each covering a day. Within each we get to find out how the race is going, the weather, what has broken down and what little victory, if any, the author has enjoyed on that day. With all that stuff directly germane to the race itself out of the way, we then get to learn all about the personal issues that have affected his life, a sort of contemplating one's navel that I happen to find tedious reading. I have never really been all that interested in others' (who were not near and dear to me) life issues, especially when talked about altogether too much. Once this was called soul searching. The publisher's blurb makes it clear that this particular adventure was in part to exorcise the ghosts of the author's past so this came as no surprise.



Book Reviews

It appears that the author had the resources to buy a 44' ocean going yacht and learn to sail it well enough to actually enter this solo Atlantic crossing race. He also was able to afford equipping it with all the modern technology stuff, which came to be something of a monkey on his back as one after another various helpmates failed, usually with him being unable to repair them. The major loss was his auto steering, once that was irreparably lost he resorted to a conventional wind vane which was unhappy going downwind, and when that too failed, he had to tend the tiller so much that he eventually crafted a jury rigged set of lines from tiller to boom which did work after a fashion, giving him some time away from the helm. Most of the electronic aids, not surprisingly, failed him long before the finish.

While he was "racing" he really knew he'd not be an up front contender, and sure enough he was the last to finish within the 40 day limit. Early on problems had him seriously considering dropping out on a couple of occasions, at one point trying to justify heading to the Azores. To my amazement he viewed this opt out with some favor as he knew a nice restaurant there. This was a rationale?

To his credit he did not quit, but soldiered on, with one rationale for so doing being what would his friends think of him if he did not finish. The question arose in my mind, well what kind of friends would these be to think ill of him because he got in over his head and had to call it quits?

In sum the tale of sailing the race was edifying and often exciting, good reading. The other stuff was well written enough to be good reading if the personal issues that so burdened this man that he sought solace and resolution of them by partaking in so exotic an event as a solo sailing race across the Atlantic are the sort of thing that interests you. There's plenty of both in this book.

A Storm Too Soon

By Michael J. Tougias
2013: Scribner, New York

Rescue of the Bounty

By Michael J. Tougias
and Douglas A. Campbell
2014: Scribner, New York
Reviews by John Nystrom

I'm starting to wonder about the choice of books that one of my friends, and now Bob Hicks, make for me. Several from my friend Dale, a powerboat dealer and ace fix it man (if you are into motors pushing fiberglass or aluminum), have been survival and rescue at

sea stories. I suppose that is what I should expect, since Dale is the one of the pair of friends who conned me into the Coast Guard Auxiliary. Having once been a state trooper and dealing with tragedy on a professional basis, I guess I just regard reading that sort of thing for recreation as kind of creepy, or at least that I ought to say so in public.

Having admitted to the above, I still have to say that both of these were exciting reads. The authors have written other books on rescues and survival at sea (Tougias' previous book on the 1952 Coast Guard rescue of crews of two tankers, broken up in a single storm off Cape Cod, is being made into a movie) and an Amazon search of "survival at sea true stories" lists a quarter of its entries on the first page as books by Tougias. Tougias was known as a fairly wide-ranging outdoor and history writer before he became hooked, as he describes it, on interviewing survivors.

A Storm Too Soon involves a May 2007 storm off Cape Hatteras that was forecast to have winds of 35mph. A number of boats and at least one ship are caught in it when it gusts to over 85mph and generates seas up to 80', measured on the radar altimeter of a rescue helicopter. The owner and crew of *Sean Seamour II* do everything right but are overwhelmed by the power of the storm. In a story that needs to be read by any offshore sailor, the EPIRB system fails to properly notify the Coast Guard of problems on *Sean Seamour II*, but the owner had kept the EPIRB from his previous boat as a backup. That backup likely saved their lives.

The *Bounty* story ended up as a sidebar to the news media glut surrounding Hurricane Sandy, the recent so called Super Storm. Though the media was bound to get a great deal wrong (and they didn't disappoint on that score), much of what they did report left the knowledgeable with questions. The internet was swirling with critics and defenders of Captain Robin Walbridge, who was one of two lost in the sinking.

This book will come as close to answering those questions as possible at this point. The authors rely heavily on the Coast Guard hearing and investigation into the loss of the *Bounty*, but temper the tone somewhat by giving the crew's recollection of events, conversations and their thoughts at the moment, to build the story.

The common thread in both books is the incredible conditions faced by the Coast Guard air crews, especially the rescue swimmers, in accomplishing these rescues. I won't put any more spoilers into this review (is it cheating to review both books together, Bob?), but having been involved with military helicopter operations in challenging conditions, I got to go through the helicopter version of the aviation survival course at Jacksonville Naval Air Station. Not only did we get dropped into the pool in a helicopter trainer, we also had to simulate using our unit's water rescue set up, which involved climbing out of the pool on a caving ladder since our aircraft didn't have hoists. The catch was that we were climbing into a 100mph blast of wind and spray to simulate the rotor wash. It was less than fun while we were doing it. That is the closest experience I've had to the conditions those men and women faced, and it only raises my admiration for what they accomplished, and what the survivors endured to return to their families. Both books are well worth reading, and not just for "lessons learned." These are great stories.

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Panorama of Island Place Beach on Saturday Evening while the cookout (far right) was going on.

Cedar Key 2014 Scenes from the West Coast Trailer Sailors

View these and lots more in color at <http://ftp.ij.net/wctss/wctss/photos118.html>
Thanks to Ron Hoddinott

Photos by Holly Bird, Ron Hoddinott, Simon Lewandowski, Dave Lucas, Rick Myers



Mike Jones' Eel, William Garden canoe yawl, what a beauty!



Nick Lackey's Lady of Shalott.



Elver and the Eel.



Rescue Minor.

Meade at Speed. Hard to get this shot!



Hugh's Bufflehead leading Bill Ling's canoe.



The Penobscot 17 heading out.



Simon and Bard Horton sailing the Goat Island Skiff.



Glenn Osling's SMR Beetle Cat replica.



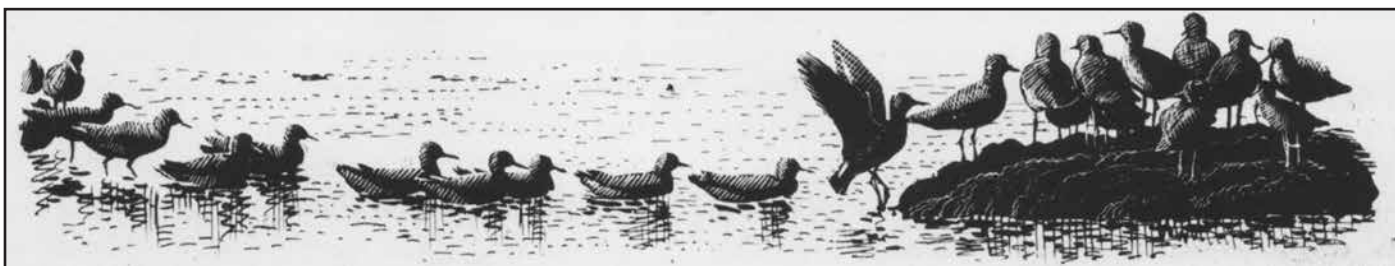
Prototype SeaPearl, using Lug Rig.

Bill Whalen's Wanda Canoe on the way to North Key.



The Goat Island Skiff of Simon Lewandowski leads two sailing canoes and a SeaPearl through the South Snake Key Cut.

Canoe Corner of the IP, with Squadron dinner going on.





This gate was the end of motorized travel, the access to the water was a half mile down the road.



Pemadumcook Lake is in the background but it was not an easy task getting to it.

With months of planning and preparation behind us, we Norumbega trippers headed north early on Wednesday, May 14, for our annual spring wilderness trip. This year the plan was to set up a base camp on an island on Pemadumcook Lake and spend a few days exploring the Jo-Mary Lake region just south of the big lake.

Very little information was available regarding access to this area but, with great optimism, we followed a web of logging roads until we came upon a closed gate, the end of motorized travel. From here we found that a half mile hike brought us to a spot where the road crossed a stream that connected Jo-Mary and Pemadumcook Lakes. The short stream was running at full bore due to the spring runoff and it was obvious that we were not going to be paddling either upstream to Jo-Mary or downstream to Pemadumcook.

The terrain in this part of Maine is such that walking through the woods is not something that happens easily. The piles of boulders are interspersed with puddles and bogs that in many spots are impassable. It took us a good hour to find a route from the road to Pemadumcook which David and Patrick Dumas brushed out and then blazed a trail so that we could follow with packs and canoes to a good launching area. Soon we had the gear and the canoes ready to launch. David and Pat Dumas carried the big Chestnut Voyager, an 18' Prospector. John Fitzgerald lugged the 17' Garry and Alan Doty toted his 12' pack canoe, the lightweight on this trip.

Your Editor was just a passenger on this adventure, acting as Fitz's bow man, carrying packsacks and gear for this portage. It took two trips to get all the canoes and gear from the vehicles to the lake. Our other two regular trippers, Brendan Fitzgerald and Adam Dumas, were unable to join us this time because of their school schedules. We missed them and maybe next time we can get the schools to be more understanding.

Mount Katahdin looms to the north as we cross Pemadumcook.

Wind and Rain in the Woods of Maine

By Steve Lapey

Photos by Steve Lapey and John Fitzgerald
Reprinted from the Norumbega Chapter
TSCA Newsletter

Sadie, the yellow lab, and Abbie, the Labradoodle, were anxious to get into the canoes and start paddling. Both dogs have become an important part of these wilderness trips, they seem to enjoy the tripping as much as we do.



Abbie and Sadie were both a big help setting up camp.

A short paddle across a cove brought us to an area where there were several islands, two of which had campsites on them according to the maps that we had. One small island had a fair site but a limited amount of firewood available. We chose a site on a larger island with a south exposure and more room to move around and set up tents. The only problem with this site was that it had a very poor fire pit, which we thought we could improve if we were to be spending some time here.

After the tents were set up we put up a tarp to break the wind in the cooking area and

proceeded to get dinner going. As usual on our trips everyone took care of his own meals, we had four stoves running and we all had something different cooking. Maybe not the best way to handle meals, but this way no one can complain about the cooking. By the time the sun was going down on Wednesday all we trippers were more than ready to turn in. The sky was overcast and it looked like rain, we did have some brief showers in the middle of the night but by dawn they were all gone.

Thursday started out pleasant and we were feeling lazy. Alan and John spent time paddling and exploring the islands in the area, Alan had a fishing rod and he made a good attempt catching something but he came home empty handed. Dave and Pat returned to the landing to try to find a way to get across to Jo-Mary Lake. They searched and finally found a place where others must have cut through some time ago, any trail that was there has completely overgrown but, with some work, it could be opened up again.



Alan and David enjoying some beach time at our island campsite.

The boys returned to camp with the good news and we decided to all go over in the afternoon, clear and mark a trail and take the canoes over to check out the lake. We did get the trail cut and marked but by that time the southeast winds had picked up consid-



erably and it was apparent that paddling on Jo-Mary was not going to happen today. The trip back to our island paradise was quick with the winds gaining strength by the hour, this time in our favor. The waves in our protected cove were manageable, the Prospectors were right in their element, Alan's little pack canoe performed admirably, it seems to bob like a cork on top of the waves. The only drawback with the short and wide canoe is that it just doesn't like to go fast! The longer Prospectors glide easily through the water, the pack canoe has to be really pushed along.

Thursday afternoon Dave and John both got out reflector ovens and the baking contest started. John's cake had oranges and cranberries in it, Dave's had raisins and berries. There was no shortage of desserts on this trip. More cakes came out of the ovens on Friday and on Saturday the BakePacker provided us with two white cakes.

Alan Doty was the gadget king on this expedition, he was constantly dipping into his bag of tricks and coming up with a new toy. One cute one was a combination buck saw and hand axe, another was a miniature gas stove. He even had a solar charger for his cell phone that kept us in touch with current weather forecasts which became worse as time went on. Friday was to be windy with heavy rain coming in overnight, we were to expect over an inch on Saturday. The forecasts proved to be correct for a change.

Friday morning, in preparation for the rain, we strung a large tarp in the kitchen area to give us a dry place in any storm. As the winds increased it became apparent that we were not going to be doing much canoeing, so instead of getting bored we engaged upon a masonry project to improve our campsite.



Pat, John, Dave and Alan pitch in to create shelter for the coming storm.

Under the direction of our resident geologist we found that there were cracks in a lot of the giant granite boulders that surrounded us. John assured us that they have not moved since the last ice age when the receding glacier left them in these exact locations. We found that, by wedging a few spikes into the existing cracks and then swinging a 20lb pound rock against the boulder, a large piece would break off. Most of these pieces had one flat surface so, by piling them up around the existing fire pit we transformed it into a gourmet cooking area complete with granite counter tops. It is amazing what one can learn on one of these adventures! With the rain shelter up and the new cooking area we were living in luxury.

Friday night the winds nearly blew the dog off the chain, it was that windy. The tents all held up and at 10am Saturday the rain moved in. By 7pm we had had our share of



Our stone workers cutting granite for the fire pit reconstruction.

rain. The clouds cleared just in time for sunset and we turned in for our last night out.

Sunday dawned clear and calm, it was a perfect day for canoe tripping. Our paddling for the day was a paddle back to the landing followed by the portage trek back to the vehicles and back on the road, this time heading south. We were up shortly after 5am and had camp broken down and packed up by 7am. By 9am we were rolling.

This was another fun trip, even with less than perfect weather. Everyone was well prepared and managed to stay dry and warm, no matter what nature threw at us. All the canoes stayed upright on the water and the lack of trails only slowed us down, it didn't stop us.

Next year's trip was discussed around the campfire, it looks like it will be a trip down the Aroostook River, further north in Maine and a little more remote.

Normbega trippers packed up and ready to leave for home. Rear, left to right, John, David, Patrick, Steve and Alan. In the front are Abbie and Sadie.



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You know how some dreams should not quite ever be “realized?” And I completely agree that we all need some stuff to still be looking forward to. But doggone it anyway, it was back about 1962 that I got this notion that I would sail the length of Priest Lake. At the time, I had a home built canvas covered kayak with a thin wall aluminum tube mast and vinyl sheet sail. Granted, there were some “technical difficulties” in completing a 40 or 50-mile voyage with that particular vessel.

The next candidate was a sort of Sunfish hull made out of molded styrofoam. I was absolutely certain that this would be the boat for the job. Of course, there was the matter of adding a deeper daggerboard and rudder, adding a taller mast and bigger sail and deck gear for a freighter or tugboat. Anyhow, that boat came to grief with a rather spectacular dismasting, at Priest Lake as it turns out. The Epic Voyage became stillborn with a shattered stub of a mast and no tools aboard to fix it at the time.

Life intruded and I moved away. Somehow I managed to take this or that boat a total of something like 50,000 miles in this or that adventure over the intervening years. But that circumnavigation of Priest Lake that I intended to make under sail way back when was always still on the projects list.

Much more recently I’ve been back at it. Seems that every time I’ve taken *Lady Bug* on the 80-mile round trip by road to Priest Lake I’ve had problems with no wind, low water, poor planning, etc. But yesterday had all the hallmarks of a successful attempt. Heck, I had the rig hooked up and headed out of the driveway before 0500. The forecast was for a decent breeze out of the south with “A SLIGHT CHANCE OF BRIEF THUNDERSTORMS.” But this is June, you know, “summer.” And, just to show faith in the weather guessers, I wore my short pants. Big mistake.

Fluffy clouds, sunshine, kinda warm, no traffic at the launch ramp, morning breeze making up off to the west. All day with nothing else to do. The view of the world from 0700 was darn promising.



Epic Voyage Attempt

By Dan Rogers

The Eastern Washington and Northern Idaho Movable Messabout that I’m organizing for this September will start right here and proceed north up Priest Lake. I have figured it would be a good idea to do some further photo recon of some of the prospective campsites and such. That was my “excuse” for being there. My actual motive was much deeper seated, I was gonna make the run all the way to the top of the lake under sail. Today is the day. The promised breeze showed up right on schedule. Daylight until after 2100 tonight. We’re on our way.



Yep, that’s still SNOW up in them hills. But like I said, this is SUMMER. The forecast was for only a teeny weensey chance of brief thundershowers. 8-10 knots out of the prevailing quarter. Life is good. *Lady Bug* is holding a well mannered broad reach at around 5 knots. The helm is mostly either tied off or held loosely with one hand.



The first planned stop was to circle Bartoo Island and get some more pictures of the planned first night EWMM camping spots. Hmnnn, it’s June. There’s nobody on the island. I’ve seen only two boats in the first hour underway and no more even on the horizon.



“Fluffy and white” have long ago shifted to steel gray and slashes of rain over the mountains. Lightning strikes at higher elevations are moving our way. Time to find somebody taller than us to hide next to. I needed to check with the resort owner at Blue Diamond about launching boats and storing cars and trailers come September. And they have a small maze of aluminum framed covered moorage I availed myself a spot next to, to sit out the “brief thundershower” that was descending from just about every quarter. When it broke, the show went on for over three hours. And, other than a few drips from errant screw holes and leaking hatch hinges, *Lady Bug* proved to be a snug place for some serious power napping on my part. But I gotta admit it, by then it was about 1600 hours and those short pants didn’t actually do the job, sitting in an exposed cockpit. Somehow the Epic Voyage that is still on my projects list was always supplied with a spanking breeze and fluffy white clouds. Not drizzle after the front calms.

That’s why God made September.



A Mini Shakedown Cruise

By Sandy Lommen

Drenching rain moved across the eastern US on the Wednesday before the Spring Cruise. We saw flooded fields and expanded creeks from New York to Maryland on our seven hour drive to the Sassafras River. By late afternoon Thursday, May 1, we were the fourth SWS boat to arrive at the launch ramp at Turner Creek. We launched and motored up the creek and around two bends to find John Zohlen, Jake Millar and Norm Wolfe at a fine anchorage. After a brief raftup we anchored and slept well.

Leo and I arrived with *Scout*, a Martha Jane, having two new issues. First was the annoying fact that we can't seem to restep the mast without tangling the lazy jacks. As others looked at the problem it seems hard to imagine how we could have accomplished the tangle even if we tried. The top yard, the boom and the sail bundle were outside the lazyjacks. No one could offer any suggestions to solve it short of detaching both lines and retying them around the boom and bundle. We did and dreaded repeating the job the next time the mast was lowered and raised.

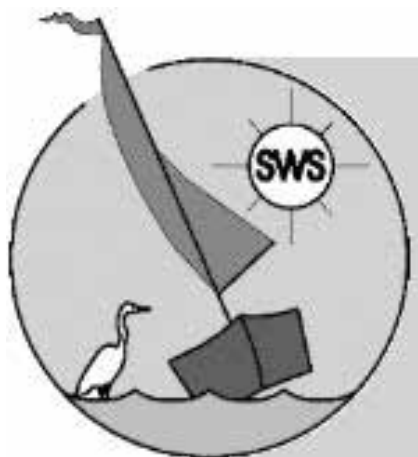
The other issue was the new rudder we were using. The rudder was borrowed from John Gerty's Martha Jane. It is much shallower than the original and allows us to sail and motor over water we would have avoided before.

Friday's plan was to meet on the north-east side of Knight Island (which is a peninsula). We sailed over, anchored early with the intention of more sailing later. But the raftup was too interesting to break up so we got only a short afternoon sail in. Dave and Donna Laux and dog Sam were there. Pete McCrary, on a Com Pac Eclipse, anchored off separately but visited in a very responsive inflatable kayak with pedal power. Diane and Norman Hudson-Taylor arrived last in their Littoral 19. We saw Morry Kapitan fly by in his Peep Hen. And anchored off quietly in deeper water were Lois and Brent Sparks in their O'Day 35, *Together Again*. They drew 5' of water but tolerated a bit less at low tide. SWS sailors at heart. Lois invited all for fresh baked cookies after dinner. They were delicious and hot out of the oven.

For the past ten years we have been invited to make the rice for Norm's curry. Most of the time I don't burn it. Norm seems to have perfected the curry. It was the best ever.

Saturday's sail covered very little ground because of the light winds from variable directions. The weather was warm and sunny so the slow sail was pleasant enough. Three or four hours found most of us back at Turner Creek, settled in and braced for an onslaught of bass fishermen. While we saw some fishing, there were so few that it was nothing to worry about or disturb our peaceful surroundings. Even their launching and taking out were done when the SWSers were not using the ramp.

Sunday's job was to take out and prepare the boat for the trip home. We made a special effort to capture the sail bundle and the mast inside the lazy jacks. To see if we got it right, we resteped the mast Monday in our driveway. And victory is ours! The lazy jacks have been civilized.



The Shallow Water Sailors 2014 Spring Cruise Reports

Reprinted from the *Shallow Water Sailor*
Newsletter of the Shallow Water Sailors
www.shallowwatersailor.us

The purpose of the SWS is to share members' sailing experiences and know how. It is through this sharing that sailors are made and friendships gained. With such skills and relationships, sailing becomes more than a pastime, it becomes a lifelong pursuit, a source of joy and rich memories.

Shallow Water Sailor

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The 35th Annual Chesapeake Bay Spring Cruise was a great success. After all the recent rain and flooding some participants were worried. But, as the *Washington Post* weather person reported on the Saturday of the cruise, all went well:

"Another nice spring day. Variably cloudy at times, but sunshine should prevail. Shower chances remain low around 10-15% so don't worry too much about some of the passing cumulus clouds. Breezes could cool us in the shade, as they might gust toward 20mph a few times from the southwesterly direction. Still, the southwesterly direction is a warm wind direction for us and said breezes should help us get into late afternoon high temperatures of low to mid 70s. Lows will be in the upper 40s to low 50s."

Here are the sailing participants: Jake Millar in *Sedge*, a Dovekie; Norm Wolfe in *Pitlu*, a Normsboat; John Zohlen in *Red Rover*, a Bay Hen 21; Sandy Lommen and Leo Smith in *Scout*, a Martha Jane; Donna and Dave Laux in *Sparrow*, a Spirit 6; Diane and Norman Hudson-Taylor in *Anneka*, a Littoral 19; Morry Kapitan in *Peep Hen*, a Peep Hen; Peter McCrary in *Figaro*, a Com Pac Eclipse; Lois and Brent Sparks in *Together Again*, a 35' O'Day sloop.

The following joined the sailing participants at Molly's Place for Sunday's lunch: Deborah and Paul Follansbee, Mary Slaughter and Dean Meledones, Virginia and Ken Murphy, Luanne Houck and Jon Willoughby and Phil Sampson.

Sunday at lunch is always a time of discovery. We learned that Jake and Morry had found a more distant anchorage for Saturday night but had misjudged the tide. They were aground until 9am Sunday morning. But no problem.

Jake always has bird reports. He told of the heron rookery around one more bend in the Turner Creek we didn't get to. He saw turkeys on the beach, a very interesting swallow tailed tern and more bald eagles than ever. When we first started sailing on the Chesapeake, eagle sightings were uncommon. Now they are fishing and nesting at every anchorage. What a promising thing for the life of the Chesapeake.

Good friends and fellow sailors showed up to have lunch with us. Phil Sampson has been single handing his Dovekie 13 since our first cruise in 1986. Dean Meledones and Mary Slaughter are long time SWSers who don't sail with us any more but come to hear the latest news and bring word of their son who we all raised up on more than a dozen summers together afloat. Although we've been sailing *Scout* for 11 years, this Spring Cruise was, in effect, a mini shakedown cruise. Comfortable, dry and easy to sail, she is noisy at anchor (the smallest waves slapping against the underside of the raised bow motivate our nightly search for a quiet anchorage) and has an awkward rudder system.

The standard rudder design requires careful coordination when raising or lowering the rudder or the motor, the motor must be fully down when raising the rudder, which must be either down or secured up before raising the motor. So an unexpected grounding while sailing with the motor up is to be avoided. Lowering the motor when approaching shallows or a beach cancels the risk.

Enter the end plate rudder. The late Phil Bolger, boat designer extraordinaire, has several comments concerning the positives of using an end plate on rudders in *Boats with an Open Mind*, published back in 1994. In the commentary on his Bobcat, he writes, "I started using endplates about 15 years ago and I've reached the point where a rudder without one looks naked to me. It's astonishing how shallow a rudder can be and still steer the boat, if the water is kept from rushing off the bottom of the blade."

About his Chebacco Boats, he says, "Rudders as shallow as this used to be unreliable but the addition of end plates on the bottom of the blades made them very satisfactory. Pressure that used to be dissipated off the long lower edge is now maintained by the end plate, improving not only steering, but lateral plane effectiveness."

Concerning a small rudder on his Presto Cruiser, "A rudder of this size and depth is effective if it has big end plates."

And about Bright Thread, "The end plate on the rudder added power both to hold on against leeway and for control. Why it took so long for it to be noticed what an end plate could do for a shallow rudder is a mystery."

Thanks to the generosity of John and Patty Gerty, we were allowed to try out the end plate rudder he made for Zephyr, his Martha Jane. Our Spring Cruise experiment with John's rudder was a significant improvement for *Scout*. The bottom of the boat will now be the lowest point in the water.

A Delightful Cruise

By Diana Hudson-Taylor

Getting a late start, Norman and I arrived at the Turner Creek Wharf where three other SWS stragglers were helping Pete McCrary launch his boat, namely John Zohlen, Morry Kapitan and Norm Wolfe. Dave and Donna Laux and Sandy and Leo had put in the night before and were already out sailing the Sassafras. By the time we had setup *Anneka* and launched, everyone was gone. Fortunately Norman and I had gotten the important information about the narrow channel to the left leading to the Sassafras River and the night's mooring location behind Knight's Island when we initially arrived.

Friday, like Saturday and Sunday, was ideal weather in the 60s, winds 5-10mph for easy sailing. Friday evening seven of us rafted up in the ample protected cove behind Knights Island. Those in larger boats, like Brent Spark's O'Day with its 5' keel, dinghied over to enjoy the happy hour swapping news and ideas such as Leo's newly installed shallow rudder for his Martha Jane (borrowed from John Gerty).

Saturday, after hearing the news that there might be small craft warnings in the evening, boats headed out in all directions to explore the many creeks feeding into the Sassafras River, upstream to Georgetown or downstream toward the Chesapeake, before any weather kicked up. Even though we had been warned that there was a bass fishing competition leaving Turner Creek Wharf at 6am Sunday and ending at 3pm, some of us timid ones ended rafting up in the shallow back recesses of Turner's Creek Saturday night. The truth was the bass fisherman were not noisy in our creek Sunday morning. Once out of Turner's Creek, I understand from others in adjoining creeks, the fishermen were buzzing around. Although there were black threatening clouds Saturday evening there was only a little rain which came later in the evening.

Summary: Whatever storms and mishaps that may have occurred ten years ago, this Spring Cruise was a delight. Nine SWS boats enjoyed good weather, winds and company. On pulling out, faithful sailors unable to make the sail (Dean Meledrone and Mary Slaughter, Ken and Virginia Murphy, Debbie and Paul Follansbee and Phil Sampson) joined us for the yummy lunch at Molly's restaurant Sun.

Peace and the Eastern Shore

By Ken Murphy

The Sassafras River is located on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. A more inclusive name for this area is the Delmarva Peninsula that includes all of Delaware and parts of Maryland and Virginia. The peninsula's eastern shore is the Atlantic Ocean and its western shore is the Chesapeake Bay. My first experiences on this delightful finger of land was as a helper to William Clark who, most every weekend, would ride across the Bay Bridge and ramble along the farm roads of Delmarva to trap and band American kestrels, our smallest falcon. These birds have the habit of perching on electric wires to find mice in a farmer's field.

When Bill spotted one, it was my job to lean out of the moving car and place a

specially engineered trap containing a live mouse along the edge of the road. Bill would then make a U turn and park. I was amazed how fast the bird would come, hover over the trap and pounce, trying to grab the mouse. Bill would collect the bird, write a half page description and band him/her. (Bill Clark continued his birding work. One of his major accomplishments was authoring the *Peterson Field Guide to North American Hawks*).

I grew to love the quiet of these back roads and so, as Virginia and I approached the Sassafras and experienced the wide open spaces of the area's farmlands, all the tensions of modern life fell away. So a great time was had getting to meet all the SWSers as they returned to the ramp for takeout and a nice lunch at Molly's.

A Fresh Take on an Old River

By Morry Kapitan

I distinctly remember the Spring Cruise ten years ago on the Sassafras River, the wind blew hard for most of the weekend. When I arrived at the ramp on Friday morning, I thought we were in for more of the same this year. Well, the day turned out to be great sailing fun and the wind finally moderated in the late afternoon. After launching, I had the chance to poke the bow of my boat into some tributaries of the Sassafras that I had not been in before, like Freeman Creek and Cox Creek, before finding the rest of the SWS boats anchored in the lee of Knights Island in Back Creek. The day was still young, however, and there was still a nice breeze on the water, so I made for the river once more and indulged my urge to sail.

At day's end I found myself in Woodland Creek, rafted up to *Sedge* in the lee of Daffodil Island, a very lovely spot with little to suggest that civilization was anywhere nearby. While we were splicing the mainbrace, a rather large beaver crawled out of the water onto the island no more than 50' from our boats. It grunted once and then turned around and returned to the water. This was a big animal. If there is a colony of beavers nearby, I am certain this creature is the Mayor of Beaverville. The wildlife spotting continued all weekend. The number of bald eagles spotted easily equaled the number of osprey. I have never seen anything like the numbers of eagles we saw this weekend. It seemed as though there were at least three in every creek.

When Saturday morning dawned, Friday's west wind had given way to a gentle, easterly breeze so exploring to the mouth of the Sassafras was in order. The high bluffs in this part of the Chesapeake watershed are very interesting and different from the land farther south. It was fun sitting in the boat looking up at the houses and farms perched 100' overhead near the river mouth.

There were a couple of anomalies to report. The first was the large amount of floating debris in the water, most likely from the heavy rains that had occurred within the previous week. I found this extended out into the Bay as well. However, besides some bumps under the hull, no damage resulted. The other strange occurrence was a small aircraft flying low up the Sassafras towards Georgetown. I assumed it was a crop duster, however, as it approached it became apparent that it was a small, single engine private plane. Jake Mil-

lar saw it also and initially thought the pilot was trying to land on the water, he was that low. It was reckless and certainly illegal. The things we see when cruising!

As I made it into the Bay, the wind veered to the south and then southwest. I crisscrossed the ship channel and observed the lighted ranges for the large vessels proceeding into and out of the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal, something I don't get to do in the Peep Hen very often. There was very light commercial traffic so it made spending a couple of hours sailing around in the "big water" enjoyable.

The destination for Saturday evening was Lloyd Creek and I made contact with *Sedge* on the radio as I passed the town of Betterton. *Sedge* was already inside and looking for a spot sheltered from the wind, which was building in intensity. Lloyd Creek is more like a large lake separated from the river by a tree covered bar and it has a small entrance at its eastern end. Without knowing it, I did not use the charted entrance but instead cut though an opening in the bar that a storm probably created.

I didn't hit bottom, but once inside I noticed that a number of power boats were rafted up in deep water close to the charted entrance. They were all looking at me as I came though and were probably disappointed that I made it in without incident. Shallow draft has been very, very good to me. My good fortune would be reversed as I rafted up with *Sedge* in a back corner, a really nice spot, and the tide went out while we were chatting and cooking our suppers. Jake noticed it first, but by time the alarm was sounded we were many hundreds of yards away from anything that appeared to be foot deep water. Frantic tide and wind forecast verification then commenced, and we decided that if we got a 9am start in the morning, we should be able to get out. That is, unless we wanted to get up and move after midnight, which seemed a bit too much like panicking.

So we sat and ate supper while watching a muskrat fetch goodies from the shallow water and eat them while clinging to a log poking from the water. And there were carp splashing all around along with osprey and interesting terns fishing nearby, a lot of great entertainment. Soon we were both hard aground.

Jake was discussing the type of plant that was poking out of the water all around us, almost as far as the eye could see, when it finally dawned on me, this whole river and this part of the bay is fresh water! The evidence was plain to see and Jake had been talking about it for two days, but this fact didn't sink in with me until that point. The beaver, the carp, the unusual plants growing in the marsh, all of it now added up as the light went on in my brain.

On Sunday morning we made it out of the mudhole as planned and I had a nice sail back to the ramp in the following breeze. So this was a great cruise, good weather, wind for sailing, two super anchorages and the company of the SWS. And so I don't forget it again, all of it accomplished in fresh water.

My Nature Cruise

By Jake Millar

My spring cruise on *Sedge* could best be described as a "nature cruise" because it seemed as though every creature on the Sassafras, finned, feathered and furred, was on

display for the long weekend. Here's my list of sightings for the weekend; osprey, bald eagles (in fact, I saw so many bald eagles that I stopped counting by the second day!), fairy terns and common terns, a great blue heron rookery in Turners Creek (about three dozen pair), kingfishers and migrating warblers in the treetops, terrapins and painted turtles as big as dinner plates sunning on logs. Friday night at Daffodil Island Morry and I saw the biggest beaver in the Sassafras swim over, waddle up the beach then turn around and swim off.

Saturday found me in Lloyds Creek, a perfect shallow water sailor's hideaway. Late in the afternoon Morry and I explored the very back of this creek to find a spot out of the wind and we sure did find it, a perfect ten, until... the tide ran out and we were both sitting hard aground. Nothing to do but watch the osprey and terns dive on fish, muskrats swim by and enjoy the beautiful sunset! That night we had barred owls calling back and forth in the woods around us and a big tom turkey gobbling reveille at 4:30am. As ever, the spring cruise is one of the best times of my year and this year was no exception! It's always great to reconnect with old friends and dream up summer/fall sailing plans while rafted up with our sailing mates.

Spring Cruise Report

By John Zohlen

Reprinted from *Shallow Water Sailor*
Newsletter of the Shallow Water Sailors

The 35th Annual Chesapeake Bay Sprint Cruise was great by all accounts. We had a little rain Saturday night. We had some broken gear, the light line fastening my boom vang to the boom frayed and parted. It was fixed in 20 minutes. We had some periods of little or no wind and then some gusty winds on Saturday afternoon and Sunday morning. The temperatures were on the cool side which made for cool sleeping. Finally, spring has been late coming to the Chesapeake Bay so the bugs were not a problem. So yes, it was a good cruise.

Nine boats and crews actually sailed. Four boats launched at the Kent County public ramp at Turners Creek on Thursday and four boats launched on Friday. The Sparks arrived at Friday afternoon's raftup aboard a very BIG sloop. They must have launched it from slings somewhere other than Turners Creek.

Jake was the first in the water Thursday afternoon. Norm and I followed about an hour later. Sandy and Leo launched about an hour after that. We all anchored in shallow water tinder a wooded bluff on the SW corner of Turners Creek. Jake was in pretty thin water with his Dovekie so Sandy, Leo, Norm and I rafted for supper about 100' further out. Our anchorage was about 100' north of a heron rookery. The noise level reminded me of an elementary school playground at recess. Jake said he had seen three bald eagles earlier. After a gam and supper our raft broke up for individual night anchorages. Sleep came easily.

I got underway Friday morning after breakfast and motored out of Turner Creek, raised the sail and began tacking down the Sassafras River in a WNW wind of 8-10 knots. The wind was puffy with gusts to about 15 knots so I put in a reef. My Bay Hen can handle more wind than that without requiring a reef but this wind was puffy. One minute the boat was moving nicely and the next min-

ute it was getting slammed. The water temperature was only in the high 50s so I was taking no chances. I returned to Turner Creek about 1100, lowered the sail and motored to the ramp bulkhead.

The Lauxes, Morry, Peter and the Hudson-Taylor's had either launched or were in the process of launching. We agreed to raft up for dinner that evening in Back Creek on the north side of the river in the bight just north of Knights Island. I ate lunch and then got underway again. Out on the Sassafras the WNW winds were getting stronger. I put in two reefs and began running before the wind upriver towards Back Creek.

The Bay Hen carries 175sf of sail in a low aspect gaff rig. The helm really gets "hard mouthed" with full sail out over the side running before a fresh wind. My Dovekie also was "hard mouthed" in similar situations. I was making between 3.5 and 4.5 knots with two reefs in, so I felt there was no need to push the boat, or me, any harder.

I called Norm on the FRS radio and we agreed to meet in Back Creek. I anchored in the bight about 1400. Norm came alongside in *Piilu* and I boarded. Off we went to explore Foreman and Cox Creeks, both on the north shore of the Sassafras River. Except for the cockpit gams and shared meals on this cruise I felt the next two hours of creek exploring were the best part of this cruise. Two people can sail a boat so much better than one. It is much better to talk to another person than yourself. With two persons aboard one person can sail and the other can push off the bottom or spend time with binoculars "checking things out."

We returned to the Back Creek anchorage and joined in the raftup. The Sparks came into the creek but could not join the raftup because of their 5' draft. Brent and Lois did get in their inflatable and joined the group for happy hour. Once again *Scout's* cockpit was the setting for eating Norm's curry and Sandy's rice. Sandy, Leo, Peter, Norm and I had the hard job of trying to make sure there were no leftovers. We were NOT successful. Sandy said they had curry and rice for the next two meals on *Scout*. We broke up the raft as the sun was setting. Once again, sleep came easily.

I was making breakfast Saturday morning when Dave rowed by on his way to take Sam, his dog, to the beach. He said the weather forecast called for small craft warnings in the afternoon. Originally I had planned to spend the day sailing up the Sassafras and exploring Island and Woodland Creeks on the south side. I had sailed there on two previous cruises but that had been more than ten years ago. With strong westerly winds forecasted I would have to do a lot of windward work on Sunday morning getting back to Turners Creek. And everyone knows that a Bay Hen reefed does not go to windward very well at all.

I decided to get underway and tack down the Sassafras towards Betterton where it joins the Chesapeake and then turn and run back up river to spend the night in Turners Creek. As it turned out the winds were moderate at first and the sailing was delightful. But as the afternoon wore on they began to build and the western sky darkened. It was time to head for the shelter of Turners Creek. Like a magnet attracts steel, once again I found myself moored alongside *Scout*, along with several other boats. I left the raftup early because my back was bothering me and I needed to lie down.

I spent Saturday night anchored under the bluff of the Kent County Museum grounds. The museum is a large, two story, 17th century farmhouse. As I lay on the bottom of the boat I tried to imagine all the other boats that have ever anchored in this same spot over the last 200 years. The rain began falling shortly after sunset but it did not last long. Overhead I could see the clouds scudding by. *Red Rover* was well protected beneath the bluff with the old house silhouetted against the dark sky. Sometime early Sunday morning I stuck my head out of the companionway to look for stars. The heavens were spectacular with a dark, dark sky and brilliant white stars and planets. What a gift to see such splendor.

I took my time eating breakfast Sunday morning and getting ready to get underway. The reason for the relaxed morning was to give all the boaters in the bass fishing tournament a chance to get as far away from the launch ramp as possible. I had heard them ROAR off at zero dark thirty and knew I had until mid afternoon before they would return. Raising the anchor was a chore. The bottom is a foul smelling soft mud with all sorts of sticks and black debris. I learned long ago that a buoyed trip line is good insurance for recovering my trusty 5kg Bruce anchor. I have owned that hook for 30 years (Peter Duff supplied it with my 1984 Dovekie) and I am not about to part with it now.

I was at the ramp bulkhead at 1000 to meet Luanne Houck and her friend Jon Willoughby, alone, with Ken and Virginia Murphy. Luanne is Ken and Virginia's daughter. Ken had asked me if I would take them for a short sail to introduce them to the joys of gaff rigged sailing. Luanne and Jon boarded *Red Rover* and we motored to the head of Turners Creek. That was a bad decision on my part. The winds were fluky and came from every which way. It would have been better to have spent a few extra minutes and motored out on to the river for more predictable winds. We returned after an hour and they disembarked. I received a nice thank you note from Luanne later but I do not know if I turned them on to sailing or turned them off. I did say the winds were fluky, right!

I had a little problem recovering the Bay Hen. When the boat came out of the water the bilge boards were not sitting properly on the trailer bunkers. Jake and Morry tried to help me jack up the boat in the parking lot. We quickly decided it would be better to re-launch the boat and align it properly. As the two of them jumped into my van Phil, who was leaving in another vehicle, yelled out the window, "John, do you need any tools?" Morry's response was classic, "No, he's got us!"

Twenty-two persons ate lunch Sunday noon on the side porch of Molly's Place. The Follansbees, Murphys, Phil Sampson and Mary Slaughter and Dean Meledones all joined the lunch, sans boats. Thanks to all who drove so far to attend this year's cruise and to those who drove to Molly's Place just to have lunch Sunday. It is very satisfying to see such enthusiasm for shallow water sailing, but we do need to attract more "younger shallow water sailors" to these Spring Cruises or else there will eventually be just "sans boat" people at the Sunday lunches. Seriously, it is time for us to recruit the next generation of shallow water sailors.

I am looking forward to seeing everyone again on the 36th Annual Spring Cruise. And bring another sailor to that cruise... a young sailor!

A couple of interesting things happened today, nothing big in the Grand Scheme but kinda cool nonetheless. *Lady Bug* and I have been shipmates for quite a while now. I tend to forget dates but it's been something like seven or even eight years since she came from Arizona to live with me. Just about from Day One I've been trying to simplicate and add lightness to her. Poor girl has had more holes drilled, more stuff moved around and added and removed and added again than any boat should have to endure.

Fortunately she was way overbuilt by the factory, probably a 30 footer's scantlings. The original mast and standing rig was excessively over the top for a 16' pocket cruiser. The rudder was one huge slab of mahogany. There was even a 3"x3" compression post in the middle of that teeny weeney cabin, the same cabin with cushions originally arranged for FOUR putative sleepers. Plenty of extra mass to accommodate all those holes I seem to drill. Anyhow.

I don't think I have ever sailed one of these under long and over wide and under deep boats that didn't either just want to roll over and die when the wind pipes up, or at least round up and even tack herself every time the rail nears the wet stuff. And *Lady Bug* has always shown those tendencies, too. Until, finally, today.

I wasn't even going to go out, in fact, I was totally disgusted with a bunch of things and I intended to pull the boat out of the water and put her back in storage to "await developments." She's been inhabiting a borrowed slip here at Diamond Lake, a generous offer for which I should be grateful, but instead I've been grouching about how this particular slip is the most gawdawful, untenable place to be when the prevailing wind comes calling with gusts in the 30s. The full fetch of the lake is wide open and the chop builds up like the fizz in a well shook half full beer bottle. No place for a respectable girl like *Lady Bug*. Heck, even with doubled spring lines, extra breast lines and a 30lb plover anchor set well up to windward on 50' of towing chain and a 5/8" nylon double braid tail line she pounds and surges and writhes in that dock space something awful.

I was on the way over to get her trailer and give up on local sailing and had just stopped by to check on how things were chafing and jerking loose and such. I was standing there on the finger pier (actually, I was on my knees to keep from being pitched overboard). And that old familiar YAHBUTT bird musta landed on my shoulder. You know the one, that crazy bird that lands on your shoulder at odd moments of indecision and says, "Yahbutt, it'll be different THIS time..." That bird.

Ever since I swapped the factory spar and rig for a beach cat stick and changed the whole cobweb of shrouds and stays and hoisted a fully battened beach cat main to that elevated truck, she's been a handful in a breeze. A whole lot more responsive in the light going but way, way overpowered otherwise. I've been on a multi year rip to somehow squeeze out more speed and pointing ability, all the while insisting she be a lady in the bargain. A big project for a shirtsleeve mechanic and back yard tinkerer such as myself. Until today!

So, at the insistence of an imaginary bird, I shucked all those mooring lines and galumphed on out of the slip and into the wind. I've been tweaking a reefing system

Yahbutt Bird Musta Known

By Dan Rogers

that allows for about four or even five degrees of reefing. Lately it's gotten simplicated to a pretty fine edge. Fewer strings and cleats, more control of sail shape and tension. Stuff like that. I selected a shortening position a lot less than the conditions seemed to warrant, probably someplace between a flattening reef and the first set of cringles in a conventional Marconi main. I remember thinking at the time that the sail head was about as high up as the old factory supplied rig was in those now distant years before I added all this extra sail. About like the designer specified. Hmmm...

So, once hoisted and strapped in, that main was up and drawing like a draft horse. Gusts came and went and I realized that I had only one finger on the tiller even when we rolled rail down. Most of the time I wasn't even steering. I even ducked into the cabin to get my jacket and came back out to see a straight line of bubbles astern. That little stub keeled, unbalanced rudder tub she was born to be had finally morphed into something that resembles the refinement of a pedigreed full keel ocean going vessel. Amazing, actually.



Maybe, just maybe. I've messed with the rudder and rig and tiller and loading and all that stuff enough Maybe we've about got it. Granted hull speed is still in the range of the neighbor's burro shuffling off to the barn, about 5kts on "afterburner." There's only so

much one can ask of a 14' waterline with the prismatic coefficient of a cinder block. But there we were, sailing straight lines, coming about smartly and just feeling like a very much bigger boat on a day that I was going to throw in the towel and maybe even (dare I admit) turn the old girl into a sort of pocket motor-sailer that I've been visualizing for a very long time. One of a couple of interesting things.

I wouldn't say that Diamond Lake is a hotbed of sailing. Amidst a forest of Chev 350 powered ski boats and plush seated pontoon palaces with purring four strokes there are only about half dozen rag baggers strewn along the shoreline. Most of the time *Lady Bug* is the only one to actually venture away from the dock. Today the pheromones must have been active. As I was reveling in my newly discovered sailing sophistication, there was this Prindle Cat chewing up the distance to leeward. Hey, we could never manage to actually stay ahead but, as EVERYBODY knows, the definition of a sailboat "race" is that occurrence whenever two sailboats come in sight of each other. So the "race" was on.

Our puddle is heir to all the standard foibles of a small lake with steep to shorelines, gusts from one eighty out with very little warning, calm holes amidst the maelstrom, back eddies and counterflow close to the margins. All that stuff. I've been reading ripples for quite a while now and can usually stay ahead of the game and, while there was absolutely no question the cat was both outpointing and outfooting me on average, I was tacking on headers and riding the lifts pretty effectively. That cat was gonna have to earn it anyway.

After a while, he passed to windward. We exchanged waves and I hunkered down to snap at his heels sort of like how our attack poodle Beau does when he's "chasing" the local deer. Wham. One minute he was hiked out and accelerating, next the rig was in the drink. A local friend with a fancy waterfront house snapped these shots and sent 'em to me email. The moment the other boat got dismasted, the old Boy Scout juices started flowing. We were doused and motoring over in less time than it takes to say "Be Prepared." No big deal, I've been towing people home for a very long time now.

But there we were, framed in Dick's telephoto lens directly in front of the Scout Camp waterfront, the very spot where I pulled my first sputtering and choking kid from the water. Right where I first learned to row, and paddle, and sail, and water ski. Right there!

Gotta admit it, that Yahbutt bird musta known what he was squawking about, after all. A very interesting day.



A sea kayaking guide who led paddling trips to Baja categorized his various groups as either otters or dolphins. Otters liked to find a nice beach to camp and then spend several days there. They liked to play exploring and enjoying an area with snorkel, camera or fishing gear. Dolphins, on the other hand, liked to travel. They were happy to pack up every morning for a day of paddling over new territory and every night a new camp.

The contents of boats reflected the two groups as much as the day's activities. Playful otters had toys like face mask and fins, fishing rod and reel plus stuff like folding chairs and sun umbrella to make camp comfortable. Books and reflector ovens provided enjoyable time or, to a dolphin, wasted time. Dolphins don't like to wait for the bread to rise and they don't like to dig through a lot of stuff which they pack and unpack every day. Once you appreciate that stuff equals style you can stop wrestling with whether simplicity is a virtue.

Rather than struggling to embrace virtue or guiltily ignore it, just look at what you actually do. Consider your activities, priorities and where you fit best on the positional versus peripatetic scale. If on the water means on the go, then go ahead and trim whatever slows you down, be it transport, launch or getting underway. Ultralight canoe trippers are good examples. They make one trip down



Dolphins and Otters

the portage trail because their pack and canoe are light enough to carry in one load.

I make three trips because of little pleasures like espresso in the morning rather than cold protein shakes. Plus, I enjoy the trail's break from paddling especially the pack free walk back for that second load. Just because some virtuous guy never went snorkeling on Walden Pond doesn't mean I have to feel guilty about my face mask and fins.

It's all about tradeoffs. Each level of comfort and convenience adds complexity and weight. And I suspect it may be a pain/pleasure, zero sum game. Each item requires

its own care and feeding (including the work and money for the purchase price.) And convenience becomes, at times, a real pain in the neck. Think balky outboard, clogged marine head, the electrics and refrigeration having their own little meltdown. At such times oar, porta potty and ice chest begin to seem not so much Spartan as the easier way to go.

In fact, in my Thoreau mode I regard myself not so much virtuous as lazy. My hat's off to those willing to pay the rent on their more complicated and comfortable style. Perhaps the only way out of this zero sum game is if you actually enjoy the care and feeding, oiling the teak, polishing the brass, trouble shooting the marine diesel. Maybe those guys in the boatyard with their polishers and grinders are the enlightened ones. Wax on, wax off.

Who's to say? Not me as I float around in my kayak and ponder such things. There isn't any right answer, only intelligent choices. While *Small Craft Advisor* (for example) tends toward the simpler end of the spectrum, there's still plenty of room for otters, dolphins, even steamboat captains. Trade offs only mean you can't have it both ways as one kayaker learned. To temper winter's chill he fired up a little stove within the cockpit. The stove melted a hole in the boat, which sank. In other words, you can't have your kayak and heat it too.

Have you ever heard of the Bag Lady? No, not some poor indigent woman who has been forced to the streets, but instead someone who has been making canoe and kayak covers for over 37 years. If you haven't heard of me, you are likely to have seen my work at numerous canoe events, brightly colored bags protecting Kevlar, fiberglass wood canvas and Royalex canoes and kayaks in all shapes in size. You may even own one! After 37 years, the Bag Lady would like to take a rest and is looking to retire. I hope I can pass the business on to someone with some knowledge of sewing, but more importantly a true passion for canoes and kayaks, the kind of devotion that I, Sue Audette (aka the Bag Lady), has shown for 37 years.

My first bag was my own. A seamstress since seventh grade, I showed up at a race one day with my own Kevlar canoe covered in bright blue fabric. Many approached and asked what it was, some even thought I intended to paddle with the bag on. Once I explained that I was protecting the Kevlar from ultraviolet rays from the sun and the many bugs that accumulated on the bow while traveling, the bag made perfect sense. At that time the construction used drawstring to secure the bag onto the boat, then underwear elastic with a bra hook tightened the bag on each side. The final product was a success.

Several paddlers were intrigued enough to want one for their own canoe. Frank Stasz, a long time canoe racer, ordered one immediately, saying, "I can do this easily. Bra hooks?

The Bag Lady Would Like to Retire!

By Sue Audette

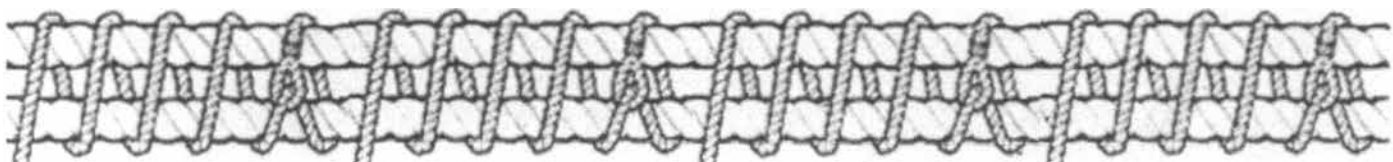


I can handle this, I just have do it with my eyes closed." The business has grown over the years to be the definitive bag to go to. No more need for bra hooks and underwear elastic as they have been replaced with more modern fittings. My design, custom workmanship and care for fit have been copied but never fully duplicated by any other maker. AND this business has led to other endeavors for this Bag Lady.

After a long racing career, my husband Vinny and I opened Water Works Canoe Company, a retail shop first in Willimantic, and later Mansfield, Connecticut. We operated the store successfully for 25 years. Between a teaching career, the store and boat bags, I found time to take up kayaking and landed a spot on the first US Marathon Canoe and Kayak team to compete at the World Championships in England. But what I consider my greatest canoeing achievement was writing the history of the Old Town Canoe Company, *The Old Town Canoe Company- Our First Hundred Years*, Tilbury House Publishing, and effort that took nine years to complete.

Yes, this Bag Lady loves paddlesport and making boat bags, but it is time to pass on the skill and knowledge to someone else. If you know of anyone with a passion for boats, an ability to sew and an adventurous spirit to take on a successful new venture, please have them contact me, Sue Audette, at (860) 456-4906 or email me at baglady@charter.net.

Yes, THE BAG LADY WOULD LIKE TO RETIRE!

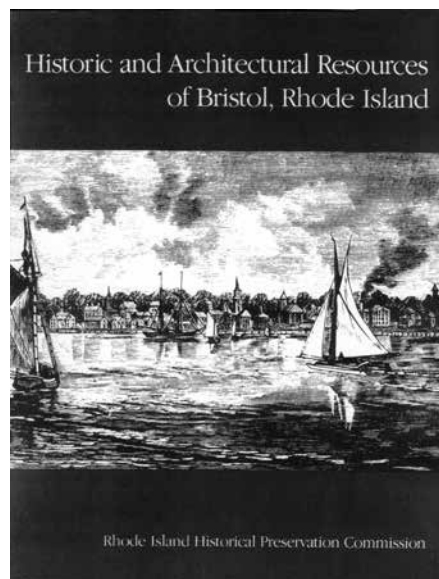


Like most Rhode Island youngsters in the 1940s, I was very proud of our Rhode Island yachting and maritime history. For many years the America's Cup was sailed in the Atlantic off Newport and I remembered my father driving the family to Newport in 1937 to watch Harold Vanderbilt's *Ranger* tangle successfully with Sir Thomas Lipton's *Endeavor II*.

Rhode Island could also boast of the famous Bristol Herreshoff Yards which had built a succession of the country's successful America's Cup boats as well as sail and steam yachts for the nation's elite and smaller boats for round the buoys racing and day sailing.

I was also proud of our professional fishermen from Galilee and Block Island and other ports and even the clam and quahog fishermen from nearby Longmeadow (where my parents had a small summer house) who helped supply the shellfish for the wonderful clam bakes at nearby Rocky Point amusement park. A friend and I happily joined this effort during one summer's college vacation and dug and sold heaps of soft shell clams to local restaurants for \$5 a bushel basket. It was good money at the time and we only had to work two hours before and after low tide.

What I didn't know, and most Rhode Islanders didn't know then, was that our long tradition with the sea also included a far darker chapter. It wasn't until 2008, my 81st year, that I, and perhaps millions of the country's TV watchers, learned from a PBS documentary, "Traces of the Trade," that for many decades Newport and Bristol Rhode Island were the center of slave trading in North America. Many of the ships, slave holding prisons in Africa, sugar plantations in the West Indies and rum making facilities were owned and operated by Rhode Islanders.



An old woodcut of Bristol Harbor.

Chief among this group were the members of Bristol's DeWolf family. In the early 1800s they were the second most wealthy family in the country. The selling of participations in specific tri legged slave voyages was a familiar equity investment for many middle and upper class Rhode Islanders and the funds earned helped build Brown University and other Ivy League schools, many manufacturing and other businesses and added to the wealth of a host of families throughout New England and elsewhere in the United States.

A Less Told Chapter of Rhode Island Nautical History

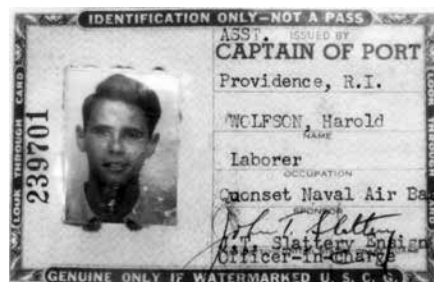
By Harold Wolfson

This was a shocking lesson for me. My Pawtucket school teachers never even hinted at this. We studied how Roger Williams brought religious and political freedom to the state. We studied how our own General Nathanael Greene helped George Washington defeat the British during the Revolutionary War and how Oliver Hazard Perry outfought the British at the naval battle of Lake Erie during the War of 1812.

The documentary, "Traces of the Trade," was produced by a young Bristol woman, Katrina Browne. The film recounts how Ms Browne heard her grandmother mention the "slave thing" while reminiscing about family lore. When her grandmother failed to elaborate, Ms Browne investigated the historical records of Bristol and Newport. There she uncovered the searing truth of the family background. She recruited nine cousins. Together they digested their unhappy legacy. Then, under Ms Browne's leadership, they put together a film crew and retraced the triangle trade with visits to family slave compounds in Ghana and sugar plantations in Cuba.

The documentary was vivid and hard hitting. It set me to thinking freshly. It was painful to accept that something as cruel as slavery had wide participation by so many seemingly respected local institutions and leaders. I wondered if some of my own Rhode Island friends and acquaintances and businesses I had known had been beneficiaries of the slave trade. And how about me? After all, I went to one of the implicated Ivy League schools. And even more relevant, there was an experience in my youth that deserved examination. I had put it in my memory dustbin. Now I could take it out and re examine it. Was I a real beneficiary?

It starts with my history with boats and water. I was a sailing enthusiast from the beginning, first as a pond boat sailor and then as someone who yearned for a sailboat of my own. When I was 16 the opportunity occurred. Nearby Quonset Naval Station needed laborers. I had working papers since I was 13 years old and knew that there was a good chance that I could work at Quonset that summer of 1943 and earn enough money to buy a beginning sailboat.



My 1943 Quonset Naval Air Base laborer identification card.

My father agreed that the prospects of my summer earnings were solid enough for him to advance a reasonable amount so I began my search. There was a rather new flat-

bottom sailboat being offered a few blocks from where we lived complete with sails and oars at a reasonable price. But I began to think why settle so early. My search widened and one day I bicycled the 15 or so miles to Bristol, which I knew was the state's sailing center. I stopped at yacht clubs and looked at their bulletin boards. I went to boat yards and, of course, poked into the Herreshoff plant.

And then, as I was about to head home I saw a beautiful clinker built dinghy on saw-horses in front of a lovely, large house with grounds than ran down to the harbor. The air was full of honeysuckle. As I inspected the boat I found that there was a centerboard opening along the keel and rudder fittings on the stern. It was indeed a sailing dinghy. The house was much grander than any residence in my home neighborhood and I wondered whether it was appropriate for me to see if the boat might be for sale. But it was getting late and I didn't want to bike home in the dark so I decided not to waste time and so be very forward. I went up the walk and onto the gracious porch and rang the front door bell.

A gray haired lady opened the door. Anyone with gray hair seemed elderly to me at the time. I introduced myself and said I had biked from Pawtucket looking to buy a small sailboat. The women smiled but said nothing. I told her I liked the boat in front of the house. Again she said nothing, but she didn't seem offended. I asked her whether the boat might be for sale. She said, speaking very slowly, that it might be.

I wasn't quite sure if she was encouraging me or gently saying I wasn't an appropriate buyer. I knew that the money I could offer would not bowl her over but I was in too far to stop. I would like to buy the boat I said. Probably I said it too fast as I didn't want to chicken out. She nodded. She didn't say no. She didn't say yes. She just looked at me. I decided to go with my top offer. I was almost sure it wouldn't be enough.

"Would you consider \$100 for the boat," I asked. She didn't seem surprised. She hardly reacted. She just looked at me, nodded and looked away. She was in no hurry. Absolutely no hurry. I began to assume my case was not going well. But finally she looked at me and in her own deliberate way said, "I suppose I would sell it for that."

I was blown away. One hundred dollars for a Herreshoff dinghy. I was a very lucky guy. I told her I would come back next Sunday with my father and give her the money. She shook my hand. The next Sunday my father parked his Chevrolet in front of the grand house. We took old carpets out of the car and put them on the roof. We turned the boat right side up and secured the mast, sliding gunter gaff and boom, all gleaming spruce, inside the boat. The centerboard was cleated and the mahogany rudder went inside the car. Then my dad helped me turn the boat upside down again and we hoisted it on top of the car and lashed it down.

I went up to the house. I couldn't believe my luck. I may have wondered if possibly I could have misunderstood the arrangement. Or maybe the lady could change her mind. I rang the bell. She came out. I told her the boat was on top of my father's car. She looked down the walk and could see it. My father was nearby. He waved to her. She moved her head in response. I gave her five crisp \$20 bills. She said, "Thank you, it's a good boat." I told her I knew it and left.

As we prepared to drive off, I heard the



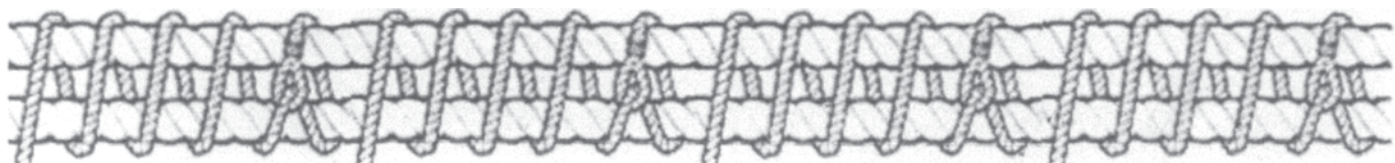
woman call to me. She was rushing down the walk. "I have something for you," she said. "This boat belonged to my daughter. She's grown up now. She loved that boat. And sometime, when she was about your age, she made a pennant for the mast. I think she would want you to have it." She handed me a little flag pivoting on a thin brass pole. It was heavy dark blue material with a white whale head sewn into the center. It was perfect. I thanked her. I was a little overwhelmed. "What is your name," I asked.

"Why, I'm Mrs. DeWolf," she said.

(For more information about Rhode Island's less told nautical story contact The Tracing Center, an educational, non profit organization, (617) 924-3400, www.tracingcenter.org and info@tracingcenter.org

Left: My brother Bert and I in the 11½' Herreshoff sailing dinghy I bought from Ms DeWolf. The sail is multicolored. Bert is at the tiller.

Right: The pennant Ms DeWolf gave me, a bit tattered. On the other side of the whale head is a "J", also in white, for the boat's name, *Jasper*.



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Neptune's Jumpsuit

I. UNDERWAY.

The marina was empty as the O'Day Mariner slid off the trailer into the small, sheltered basin in Carabella. Even in the lee of the remodelled restaurant and usually busy bait shop, the blustery norther was evident, driving little catpaws out into the river and holding a squadron of laughing gulls suspended over the river. The boat rode obediently away from the splintered pilings as we loaded cooler, grocery bags and paraphernalia for a midwinter week at the beach. Buffy, a standard poodle who sailed and fished, not yet convinced we were serious, was the last to board.

The pintles on the mahogany rudder dropped snugly into the gudgeons and the new laminated tiller, a hand-carried prize from a salty Sausalito marine store, swung into position. I pushed the rudder blade into full-down position and snubbed up the bungee cord to keep it there, a necessary, but not fool-proof, trade-off for the kick-up rudder.

Sailors take secret pride in doing everything possible under sail, including getting into and out of tight slips, canal and basins. So we raised the main, lowered the centerboard partway and bore away into the center of the basin where the main bellied out as we swapped ends and headed for the river.

A motley assortment of shrimp boats and home-made crab boats, mostly unattended, and the not-so-regal Carabella Queen, guarded the docks as we swept past the waterfront towards the junction where the river emptied into St. George's Sound. From there it would be a quick 15 mile reach ov-

er to St. Teresa, the curving wooded coastline where Tallahassee's elite retreated for the summer. It wasn't Martha's Vineyard, but it was all there was, and its scrub oak groves and tall pines had overseen many a family outing through the years. But it was a linear ghost town on this chilly winter day.

The little Mariner under main alone was making quick work of the three-quarter mile run down the river. The centerboard, down about a third to help out the rudder, was humming contentedly, a sound it only made near hull speed.

Our course after turning the mark would put the wind about 60 degrees apparent, an easy close reach even in the honest 18 knots of breeze we found outside the protected river channel. A reefed main and working jib would give us a comfortable ride. No point pushing it; we had all day.

The main on the '68 Mariner had a roller reefing system which wasn't state-of-the-art, but it was at least a way to shorten sail. You just dropped the midboom mainsheet block off its small track, leaving the mainsheet to run directly from the end of the boom to the cleat on the centerboard trunk, and rolled the main up around the rotating boom. A few pleats always appeared in the main, but when you needed to reef, you usually weren't too picky about sail shape anyhow.

The seas didn't have much chance to build up in the short fetch from shore, so we settled into a fast undulating rhythm over the three foot rollers massaging our port beam. Buffy came out in the cockpit to sniff the salty spray while we sat back with hot potato

soup and stone wheat crackers. Soon the dots along the blue-gray shoreline became houses and our quick ride, with the blasts of cold air turned up still another notch, was getting quicker.

By deliberately staying below the wide grass flats off Turkey Point, we had left ourselves a couple of miles of beating to clear the little channel up by Camp Weed, the only entrance into Alligator Harbor since the last hurricane had filled in the freshly dredged pass. So we sheeted in and started to work our way to weather in the now 20 knot breeze, the waves now on our nose.

We weren't overpowered most of the time, although Buffy retreated to a sheltered cushion below, but the gusts were something else, and the main had to be tended constantly. I also discovered, again, that the mainsheet actually had to be tightened to create enough slack for the extra-long tiller to swing behind it and let us head up into the angrier gusts. A quarter-second maneuver now took a full second and required going from bad to worse to better. And by then the gust was gone.

II. OCPS.

When the tiller itself began to respond sluggishly, I looked back between the waves and saw the rudder blade trailing in the boat's wake rather than cutting deeply below the transom. The cord holding it down had given up. But as I threaded my torso through the triangular traveller system the get enough leverage to push the rudder, back down, the end came. The gust hit, the boat heeled and the tiller slammed into the mainsheet with no

place else to go. Quick efforts to solve each of these little problems were not quick enough. We were suddenly sprawled across a soggy mainsail alongside dog, cushions and picnic basket. Church, as they say, was more or less out.

In the minutes that followed, a series of efforts were made to right the boat, even as it filled with water, to wave for help, to assess valuables and decide on our next move. The shock of cold water, earlier masked by adrenalin and potato soup, was returning. Talk about soup...we were in it!

Abandoning a 19' sailboat capsized in a wintry sea is not like parking your car by the road expecting it and all its contents to be there when you return. Even in my surprised state, I was already beginning to think about what I could do to tie all the pieces together so they would still be there later. Mahogany floorboards, cushions, a bottle of Scotch, were being slowly dispersed from the small cabin; even the newly installed, hand-carried-from-Sausalito tiller, held to the rudder which had betrayed us by a single wing nut, was looking for ways to slide out of the gudgeons and be on its way. If I did this every day, I might have figured out quicker and easier ways to secure things in the long run. But I wasn't sure there was going to be any long run, and the extra effort to replace a floorboard seemed a small cross to bear if I ever made it to shore from this potential nautical gravesite.

It began to dawn on me that I should start getting my ass out of here and take a little less consolation in the fact that I had not already sunk. Fifteen or eighteen feet of sea water, depending on where we were in the wave pattern, still had to be looked upon as an inhospitable environment in which to spend the rest of the afternoon. "I'm outa here," I persuaded myself, hoping that might do some good.

The quarter mile to shore was about five miles in REAL distance, REAL meaning there's a north wind, I'm cold and scared, my only boat and prized possession lies bottom-up behind me; and there is no one else in sight or sound. Under all these circumstances, bumping bottom on the sand a half-hour later seemed like a pretty quick self-rescue. I could do the backstroke wearing my life vest pretty much all day and my 240 pounds never once seemed in danger of sinking. So if that was the ordeal, I thought, stumbling to my feet, I guess we fared OK.

III. LANDSIDE.

The dog and my girlfriend turned up a few hundred yards up the beach and we joined forces for our next move, which was to get inside someplace and out of these

wet clothes. The still blustery north wind had singled us out for special wind tunnel treatment. I didn't notice its effect until my bouncing, shaking jaw refused to help in forming the words I had picked out. I was shaking uncontrollably.

Beach houses of every design and shape were spaced loosely, with lots of pine trees and underbrush between, along the ridge where the beach and the piney forest met. But the middle of February, and a cold one at that, was not the time when prominent Tallahassee families assembled in the shade of these trees.

"What if we knock on all these doors and no one's home?" we asked. But a little Japanese truck tucked up close behind one of the weatherbeaten cottages gave away the presence of its serendipitous occupants; in this case an aging couple down from Georgia to retrieve the extra TV set and check on the pipes beneath the house.

The door opened tentatively to our brisk knock and it took the large woman a moment to satisfy herself that this motley, water-soaked trio, two humanoid shapes and what appeared to be a standard poodle, did not represent a threat, but in fact were in rather urgent need of warmth. Once she was satisfied on that score, St. Bernard himself could not have offered better help; a slug of Scotch before the water could boil for tea and a big towel to dry off with.

"How about a hot shower while I throw those things of yours into the dryer; I've just been doing some laundry myself. Now, how about telling us how you've ended up in this fix?"

It had taken the hot shower several minutes to have any noticeable effect, but it finally did the trick. By the time I stepped out, I was merely cold, no longer in the clutches of death via hypothermia.

"We were in a sailboat that capsized not too far offshore and swam in when the boat started to sink," we explained. "Good thing you were here; now we'd better figure out how we're going to get the boat in."

IV. A DATE WITH CHARITY.

A land line call to the Coast Guard, announcing a 19' sailboat turned turtle in the frothy February sea, did not produce a fleet of Coast Guard cutters or rescue helicopters outside the door. We would have to be quite a bit closer to dying than we actually were, or at least as they believed us to be, based on this telephone conversation, to budge anybody out onto the water in this kind of weather.

"How about checking with your local boaters to see if they can lend a hand?" they suggested.

The Alligator Point Channel in by Camp Weed was not exactly Mi-

ami's Government Cut in terms of boat traffic. In fact there was no boating activity in evidence, nor was any anticipated. A call to the nearby marina on Mr. Sensebaugh's hand-held VHF radio went unanswered by them, but was picked up apparently by a nearby shrimp boat hanging out behind the point to avoid the high seas.

"This is the 'Charity Three', 'Charity Three', they came back, 'calling party in distress, party in distress, do you read?'"

"We read you 'Charity Three', where are you? Over."

"We're right over here, where are you?"

The comic potential of here-I-am-where-are-you didn't escape my attention, but there were more important things going on than a game of hide and seek on Channel 16.

"Tell him we're three houses west of Camp Weed Dock," Mr. Sensebaugh said. "Ask him if they aren't over there inside Alligator Harbor. I think I see 'em out the window."

"We know where that is," said a voice from 'Charity Three', "and we're headed by there in a few minutes. Meet us out on the dock if we can give you a hand."

"Thanks, 'Charity Three'. We appreciate that very much. I'd really like a ride out to the boat which is upside down about a half-mile offshore. I'll look for you in a minute."

The next crisis, not one I had anticipated any time that week, and certainly not after what had already happened today, was what to wear? A quick check in the clothes dryer revealed that the soggy jeans and flannel shirts were still soggy and wouldn't be of any use for a good half-hour.

"Is there anything around here I might throw on for a few minutes just to check on the boat?"

I looked at Mr. Sensebaugh and knew that nothing he could wear, or had ever worn for that matter, would even come close. His wife, however, like Jack Spratt's, a big woman with broad shoulders and hips more linebacker-like than ballerina-like, held more promise. The size was not identical by any means, but we were at least in the ballpark.

"Now let's just see if she's got any clothes here at the beach house. Look, there in the closet, Ma, see if you don't have something that he can at least use 'til those blue jeans dry out."

Knowing instinctively that the sundress was out and that the bathrobe was no good outside the back door, Mrs. Sensebaugh evaluated each of the meager options offered up by the off-season hall closet. I was afraid I'd miss this chance to retrieve the boat if I didn't find something besides the emperor's new clothes which I now

had on.

"This is about the best thing I can find," she said, as she handed me a hanger with a black and white outfit on it. I have never been quite certain what to call the various elements of female attire outside the usual skirt, blouse, etc. This particular outfit was in the nature of a large pair of pedal pushers, wide legs down to about the knee, but with a bodice attached to it and a pair of matching straps for good measure. I was later told it was a sort of jumpsuit, but I couldn't figure what kind of jumping they had in mind. It looked like the kind of thing that you might have worn a turtle-neck or some kind of contrasting blouse underneath, maybe even something with ruffled sleeves, but nothing of that sort was in evidence in the closet. But it did have a little matching jacket with padded shoulders that you would normally wear out of doors. It was a short jacket, not even waist level, with a couple of buttons down one side that looked like they had never been in contact with the distant buttonholes on the far shore. Their chances of direct contact faded further when I slipped it on to have a look.

V. COMING OUT.

Being a size or two too small to start with, the calico jumpsuit clung snugly, to say the least, to the strange male form, while I looked for shoes. Maybe the wet ones will just have to do, I thought, patent leather pumps were out. Finished off with a wool stocking cap, I was as ready for the 'Charity Three' as I was going to get.

Even the acknowledged absurdity of an outfit like this wears off if you know there's work to be done and no other way to do it. But that does not mean that others who have not studied the shapely contours of this particular jumpsuit in the mirror are so readily anesthetized. I saw that the 'Charity Three' had already pulled into the Camp Weed dock as I squished my way across the dunes towards the dock.

I identified myself as the party in distress on the VHF radio and thanked them for offering to help. My words were lost, however, first in the stares of provincial fishermen who had never seen a 240 pound, 35 year old white male in a black and white jumpsuit two sizes too small; and secondly, in their efforts, once the attire had been explained, to avoid the appearance of staring. Shrimpers see some strange sights.

The ride out to where the boat was lying, its transom bobbing at the water's surface like a watermelon, took only a few minutes. The captain, after checking the depth-sounder a few times, was satisfied

we had plenty of water in which to get at the little upturned sailboat. He approached it carefully, however, not wishing to snag a loose line or halyard on either of the big props beneath the shrimp boat.

The next thing was to get a line on her bow and see if she could be towed. The boat lay bow down by now, with only a portion of her transom rising above the water. Attaching a line to the bow cleat, therefore, would require a dive. Since no one sprang forward to volunteer, it became apparent that if that line was going to get tied to that bow cleat, I was the one who was going to put it there. Sensing this, I stepped toward the stern of the shrimp boat and grasped one end of a spare line that the skipper used for odd projects like this and began to coil up enough to reach the bottom. Despite now being more task-oriented, the crew did not fail to notice that the large black and white jumpsuited figure was different from anything else that had been seen there on the stern of 'Charity Three' for some time now. The angle of the afternoon sun cast a sharp shadow, giving me a surreal silhouette on the calm water in the lee of the boat, padded shoulders and all.

Attaching the tow line to the bow cleat, some 15' beneath the surface, in a black and white jumpsuit, without opening my eyes, was more work than I had anticipated. Some other line had already gotten wrapped around the cleat, which made my held-breath efforts in braille less than routine. Not until I decided to open my eyes for an instant, just long enough for one of my contact lenses to float off into oblivion, was I able to figure out what was happening and throw a couple of wraps around the cleat, at least on a trial basis.

VI. NEPTUNE RISES.

A rudderless, ballasted centerboard sailboat filled with water is not exactly a hydrodynamic marvel. Affixing the tow line to the bow suggested that one end might move forward first, but by no means dictated other aspects of trim, ballast or longitudinal stability as the once nautical shape moved through the water. There was some hope, at least with a little speed, that the planing shape of the bottom would encourage the boat to ride bow up as the shrimp boat began to pull it back up from Casey Jones's Locker. Speed, however essential for maintaining a charge on the 'Charity Three's' batteries, was also an ingredient for disaster in the towing operation. First content to hold on to the transom or gunwale of the boat as it appeared at or near the surface, I would see that more balancing would be necessary to keep the mast, still affixed to the hull, from slapping wildly from side to

side as the boat rolled about its own horizontal axis without benefit of directional control. So I paddled my way over the coaming into the cockpit, now some three feet under water, and braced myself on both sides of the companionway hatch. From this position I was able to shift my weight in one direction or another to counteract the boat's otherwise unpredictable responses to the towing motion and the randomness of the waves. The crew of the shrimp boat, therefore, would tell their captain what to do next based on gestures and signals which they received from the half-submerged jumpsuited figure trailing some ten meters behind.

Ever so slowly, and with frequent adjustments to correct the rolling and yawing of the vessel in tow, and its neptune-like skipper, the 'Charity Three' made her way back to the Camp Weed dock. Only with some more hard work and good luck were we able to beach the sailboat upright in a shallower spot than the surrounding waters, where it might be above the surface on an outgoing tide.

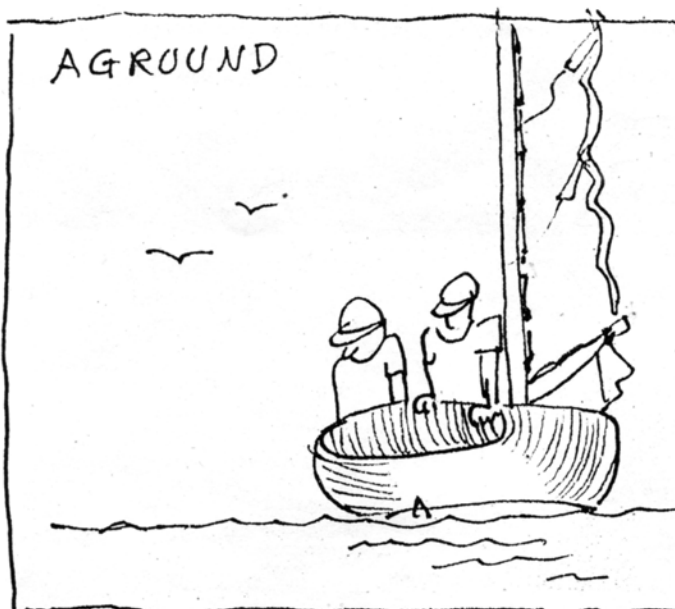
After a wave to the still incredulous crew of 'Charity Three', I slipped into my now warm flannel shirt and blue jeans for a quick trip into town with the outboard motor, and then laced up the rather busy day with a stiff belt of Scotch on the rocks.

The next day, as we had hoped, the tide went out far enough to leave the gunwales exposed by a few inches. These few became several after buckets of water were bailed from the cockpit. Finally when the tide returned we had something beginning to resemble again a vessel that would float. Affixing the now serviced outboard, which had been flushed out with oil and WD-40 before being re-assembled, our short motorboat ride back to the launching ramp was accomplished without benefit of sails or rudder. I had just gotten the knack of steering with the little outboard by the time the trip was over.

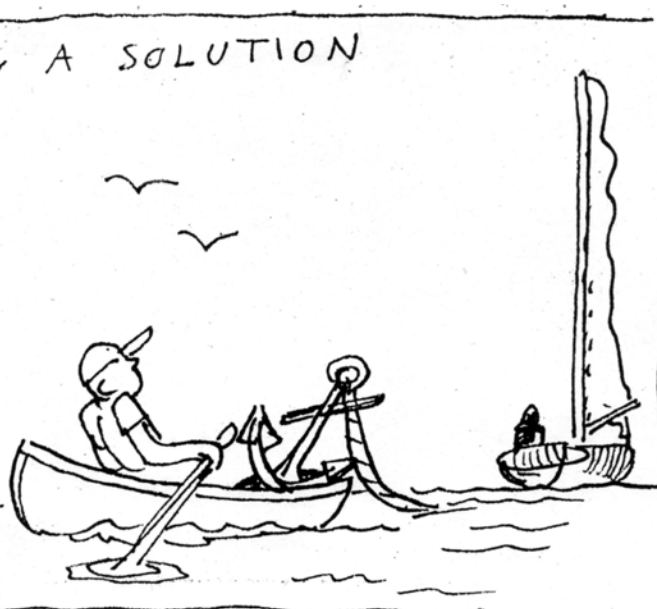
Now it was time to drop by the 'Charity Three' and thank these guys for their help. I identified myself and offered to pay them for their efforts, which I have since learned is not why these seamen respond to sailors in distress. They appreciated our visit, however, and wished us well, saying we would probably give them a hand some day. No way would they take money from, or ever forget, the big guy in the black and white jumpsuit whose sailboat they had towed to shore one winter day.

Gary Stephens, Tampa, Florida.

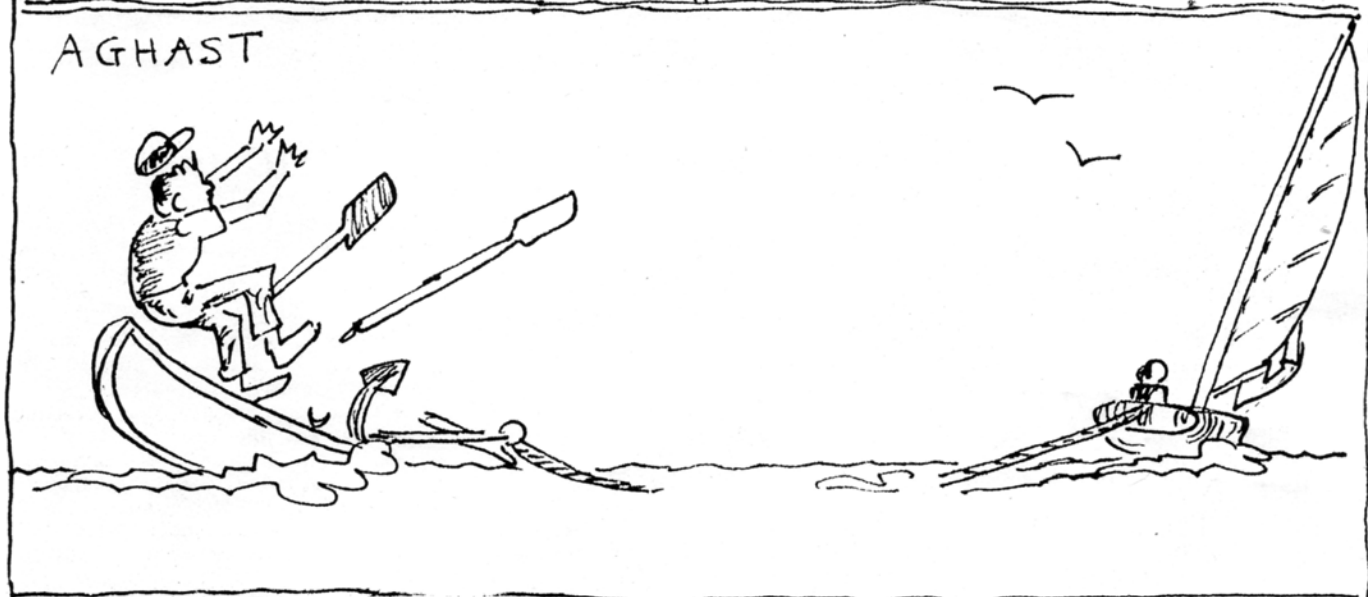
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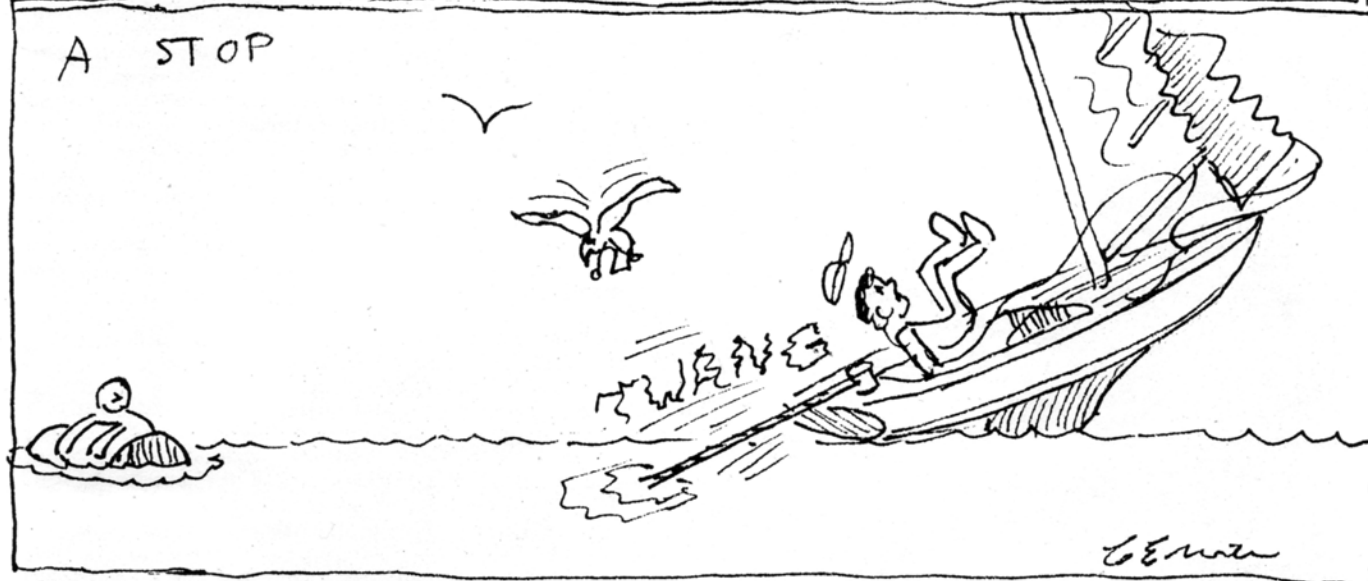
A SOLUTION



AGHAST



A STOP



The fabled Gloucester waterfront! An historic fishing schooner! White oak from Denmark! Seagulls! Shipwrights from Denmark, Portugal, New Zealand, Oregon and the United States! Murder perhaps. Curious? Read on.

Adventure was hauled for her final rebuild. This would include the port quarter, much of the starboard quarter, the entire stern, new horn timber and cheeks, half the rudder box, all aft keel bolts, new main deck, new deck structures and all new bulwarks aft. This work would leave her essentially rebuilt and all of it would be done in a proper manner.

The town of Essex was formerly the Chebacco parish of Ipswich where over 4,000 wooden vessels have been built since the early 1600s. *Adventure* is one of them and one of only six remaining. She's rarer than an Irish Bar Mitzvah. She's a distinguished vessel, the last of the dory fishing schooners, a true highliner and now a National Historic Landmark. No vessel has greater significance to Gloucester and the American fishing industry. I'd worked on my first schooner in Essex and now *Adventure* was hauled at Rose's shipyard in Gloucester. It seemed rather odd to find myself eschewing Chebacco and working instead on the Gloucester waterfront.

The stock was very special stuff. Hermann, the Master Shipwright, went to Denmark to select trees and have them cut to his specifications. These white oaks had been planted after the Napoleonic wars and the forests had been under continuous management since. It was just the right time to harvest them as they begin to rot from the heart out after about 250 years. It was beautiful stuff. For example the starboard garboard finished out at 3 1/8" thick by 35'2" long by 36" wide aft tapering to 26" forward. It was all heart tight grained white oak without a single knot or defect.

No sapwood went into the vessel. Attention was always paid to sweep and especially so with the heavy stock for futtocks and deck beams. For this job two 53' long containers were shipped from Denmark via Iceland where they were treated for evil beasties. The decking and cabins were eastern white pine from Maine. The decking was 3"x5" clear, straight grained heartwood.

Hermann is a Dane who apprenticed with Walstead in Denmark who is widely regarded as one of the world's best. Hermann's family have been shipbuilders for generations and his father was of Walstead's caliber. Hermann had run shipyards on this side of the Atlantic for Director and others as well as for himself. He was extremely skilled and extraordinarily knowledgeable.

Fonzi is from Portugal and is the first to admit that "My Hinglish is notta so good." Portuguese are great people and great workers. I married half of one once. The shipyards used to send agents to Portugal to recruit workers, making sure that they weren't "Communistas" or other troublesome types. Fonzi could do anything with wood or steel and was the most conscious of how a crew works. He'd been with Hermann for something like 26 years. This speaks for itself. Fonzi called Hermann "Ermin" which is typical for Latin speakers. It's conceivable that others called him "Ermin" when he wasn't around.

Harold Burnham was foreman for much of the work but also had his own business to attend to so wasn't able to be there for the whole project. Bjorn was a 29 year old Dane

The Gloucester Fishing Schooner with the "Ermin" Trimmed Stern

By Captain Gnat



who would sometimes come up from Rhode Island to work. He was very skillful. Matt and Dave were Americans in their 20s. Matt went through the Apprenticeship in Rockland, Maine. Bryan Bebarfald was from New Zealand and he got out essentially all the futtocks and planking. New Zealand has much flora and fauna peculiar to itself. This a supposed result of "Natural Selection" or "Evolution" yet Bryan looked a lot like the rest of us and spoke a language remarkably similar to English. So much for Mr Darwin and his crackpot ideas.

Above deck a temporary framework had been built and shrink wrapped to keep freshwater off the deck and out of the hull. Seagulls would light up there and decorate things and peck holes all over the place. Rain, sleet or melting snow would invigorate things. The resultant slurry would precipitate down. In such conditions we preferred working below the turn of the bilge even though it meant hanging massive planking overhead. As we progressed to planking above the turn of the bilge, well, granted showering in a soup of reconstituted seagull's poop may not be everybody's cup of tea but such was our lot in life.

Bryan got out all of the futtocks. These were oak sided 7" and moulded 8". Many of the existing frames had extensive rot so determining the shape took some art. Hermann wanted tight butt joints and that also took some real finesse. Particular attention was paid to sweep and Dave did a great job picking through tons of stock to select the right stuff. Most futtocks could be carried by one man but it took two to place them.

All of the lower planking was 3" thick stuff seldom less than 25' long. Bryan would spile it and cut it out with a 16" skillsaw, changing the bevel as he went along. Hermann required plank to be dead tight so he'd go along and check with a skinny knife blade from outside and look from inside to see if there was any light. The shutter ends were left slightly oversize and would be compressed across the grain when put home. Three inch thick oak holds the heat and stays pliable longer so in that way is easier to hang.

We had a 36' long steambox. We'd steam 3" planks for four hours and while they cooked the frames would get the final fairing. We'd lay out drills, sledges, v blocks, wedges, 3/4" steel rods and massive clamps to get ready. When cooked we'd clamp the plank in place with the butt end long. That end would be cut exactly in place. We'd bore holes above the plank, insert 3/4" steel pins, put the v blocks to them then below the blocks drive wedges from both sides to drive the plank tight to its mate.

Steamed plank is surprisingly pliable. The shutter end would be coaxed home carefully. Plank would then be bored for 1 1/8" locust trunnels and bored and countersunk for 1/2" x 8" square section hot galvanized ship spikes. After boring we'd ease the plank to clean debris from behind before fastening. Trunnels would be driven with a beetle and spikes would be driven with a sledge then set with a pin maul.

Hermann typically came by twice a week for a few hours to oversee the work. He'd periodically pick up the accumulated time cards and evidently reviewed them. We recorded hours as well as specific tasks. He once said to me, "You poot tooo time cards for dee same veek weeth deferint howis on each vun." He stated this matter of factly, yet it seemed not to sit well with him. Danes are precise, very exacting in their work and this no doubt carries over into their accounting. Americans prefer value added reporting. At first these systems do not appear equivalent but it's really a simple matter of a variable exchange rate like converting dollars to euros. Besides, if he didn't like either of those I could have easily cooked up one more to his taste.

Harold did the rudder box, horn timber and cheeks among other things. Those were massive pieces. He could be characterized as a genius or as having genius. What does that mean? Some vast and incomprehensible intellect like Einstein? Let's look at vast. Let's look at incomprehensible. Yes, incomprehensible. He's a synchronistic thinker, yet not without limitations. He was unable to process suggestions based on paranormal geometry. He would avert his eyes, fall silent and walk away. Harold is descended from generations of Essex shipbuilders. His home and boatyard is an old shipyard and Story's shipyard was next door.

Dana Story and his son Brad were friends and mentors. Dana was the last of the true Essex shipbuilders, a wonderful histo-

rian and a well respected and well loved man. Harold was fascinated with boats and boat-building from the time he was a kid. He'd stop at Story's at the end of the workday to listen to all the old boat builders talk while they had their beer.

One morning toward the end of February Harold came in upset and deeply moved. He said, "Dana Story died yesterday. I was the last to see him other than medical personnel." Dana was paralyzed but wanted to shake Harold's hand. The nurse put Dana's hand in Harold's and Dana said, "You're the last one." Harold sees this as a deeply personal experience and it is. But Dana passed his mantle and gave his blessing to Harold and that has more than personal significance.

At mug up one Monday morning Fonzi said, "I was talking to my knees thisa weekend." Well, Fonzi makes his own wine. There are plenty of enthusiasts on the Gloucester waterfront. More than a few wind up talking to their knees and heaven knows what else on any given weekend. Fonzi hadn't mentioned any nephew but if he has one he'd certainly talk to him as well.

The forward keelbolts had all been replaced. We pulled each of the aft ones and replaced them. These were 1 1/4" diameter steel rods with the bottom foot or so reduced to 1 1/8". They were hot galvanized with very thick square washers with hex nuts on top and very thick round washers and hex nuts below. The holes were reamed to 1 1/4" and 1 1/8". This was undersize due to the galvanizing. The bolts were lubricated and driven home with a 19lb sledge. The longest measured 67". The quickest drove in two hours, the slowest took five. Back aft the bolts were driven down into the deadwood and made up with a blind washer and nut. Others were then driven up from below and made up the same way. The space around the nut and washer was packed with glazing compound then a Dutchman was carefully fitted.

One day a shipwright of the enlightened variety was working on deck beams. A seagull's pecking the overhead cover became distracting. The entire main deck had been removed. New carlins and about half the new deck beams were in place. Short deckbeams dovetailed into the carlins. These dovetails had 1" wide flat seats. They grew wider towards the top and splayed at about a 5/1 ratio. They also lengthened towards the top. The 3/4" base dimension lengthened to 2 1/2" at the top.



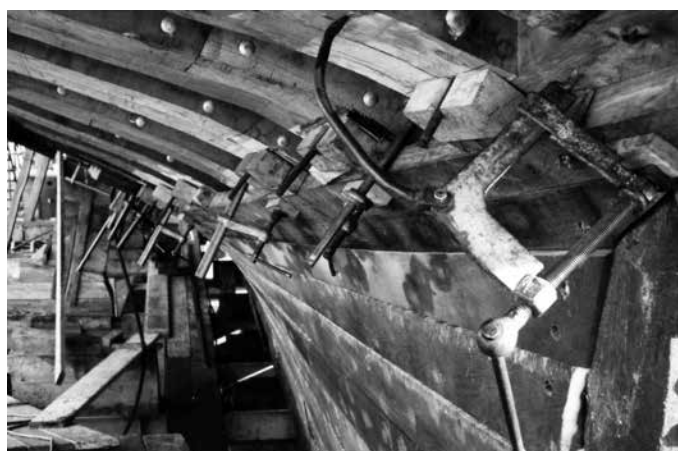
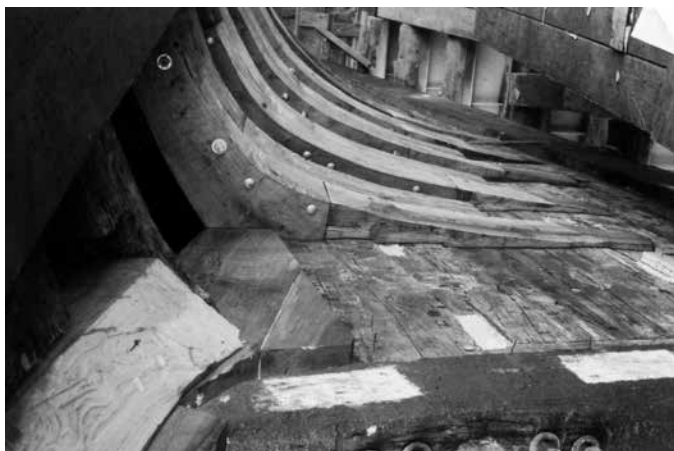
Walking the beams wearing winter clothes was precarious. The work required attention. The seagull pecked away. There were already numerous large and small holes. Long battens lay about. This shipwright wondered if this very seagull contributed to recent precipitous events. Perhaps he could grab a batten and jab the sonofabitch right up the wazoo as he transited a larger hole. He restrained this childish impulse and kept working. Since illumination the desire for revenge had fallen away. The pecking remained distracting. Hermann allowed no distractions, no radios, no cellphones, no talking except at lunch and break, exactly as things always used to be.

Webbed feet glowed orange through the translucent white shrinkwrap waddling willy nilly towards a wider hole. A quick thrust! A great squack! Winged flight! The man returned to work with renewed attention. Once again he was fully at one with the wood and not just in terms of pace. By eliminating distraction he'd rendered service to his employer, perhaps his greatest service. He was once again fully focused on his work. Suddenly there came a tapping, as of someone gently rapping, rapping at his chamber door.

One morning I needed information from Hermann so I climbed down to ask. He was on the cellphone with a client. When he finished his business I asked the question and listened intently as he answered, nodding at seemingly appropriate points. A funny expression came over his face and he said, "I'm sorry." He'd been speaking Danish with his client and continued speaking Danish to answer my question.

But you see there have been decades of noisy woodworking machinery, big clattering diesels, whining turbochargers, mechanical winches grinding away on steel decks, thundering seas, taut wire rope shrieking in the gale, ventilators moaning and howling, more than one marriage in my life. You get the picture. My eardrums worked long and hard. Now in retirement they live in happy harmony with my comprehension. English, Danish, Portugese or Mongolian, they all sound the same and, of course, the results are always about the same. Hermann needn't have apologized for speaking Danish.

Adventure was relaunched the afternoon of July 18. First thing in the morning of July 19, Hermann gave me the axe. I was laid off. When it comes to axing people scripture puts it best, "It is better to give than to receive."



THE GLOUCESTER *Adventure*

Standing there at the wheel of the Adventure, my thoughts kept roaming back into the past. Here was the very same wheel that my father had steered by so many times. Here was the last dory trawler, and the last schooner of her type in commission this side of the Atlantic. Here was the very last of the beautiful schooners that I loved so much...

Gordon Thomas, son of *Adventure's* first captain.

The Adventure Today...

In the years since the *Adventure* was launched and Capt Gnat got the axe, ongoing restoration of the *Adventure* continued. It was August of 2013 when she again set sail out of Gloucester Harbor after 21 years. Curious about what this promised in the way of long deferred presentation to the interested public, I drove over to Gloucester in late June to see for myself where she was at.

Fully rigged, she was afloat at the far end of the dock at the Gloucester Maritime Heritage Center, a win/win arrangement for the *Adventure* to be accessible to the interested public and for the Center to have a historic vessel at docksides. (Harold Burnham's *Ardelle* schooner is also docked there, adding that needed period ambiance.)

Not yet quite ready for public access, the *Adventure* was undergoing final detail interior construction to meet USCG requirements to permit the public to come aboard for dockside tours of the deck and portions of the interior. Some final safety requirements were also being addressed so that by the time you are reading this the *Adventure* will also begin to schedule public sails along the Cape Ann coast.

I sailed aboard her 21 years ago shortly before she was hauled out for two decades of shipyard work that was done in fits and starts as funds became available. It was a thrilling sail in a brisk southwesterly reaching northeast along Cape Ann past Rockport out to the Dry Selvages and back, feeling much as it must have to former skipper Capt Jim Sharp (see bottom right box), "And I can stand on these decks with a whole sail breeze, arm hooked into the rigging and watch her go." The crew was all volunteer (excepting a paid skipper) enjoying their reward for all the hard work they had put into her way back then. But she was still in tough shape and soon was hauled out.

Back to today where the future has about arrived as I write this in late June. By August *Adventure* will be "in business," ready to receive the interested public aboard for deck tours or scheduled sails. Some things will remain unfinished until next winter's off season, chief amongst them the original fish hold which is to become a floating lecture/function hall. *Adventure's* role as a dockside educational attraction will focus on that fish hold where a sort of mini museum will be set up presenting her story. It's some story indeed about a Gloucesterman that brought in record catches at the end of the era of sail under two owner/skippers before being farmed out as a Maine dude schooner, then in turn given to the City of Gloucester when she no longer could meet USCG safety requirements for taking those "dudes" out sailing.

If all this interests you, find out the details at her website: <http://schooner-adventure.org>. If you are within travelling distance, visit her this summer, along with the Marine Heritage Center. They both are testimony to what Gloucester's working waterfront once was. They've been fishing out of Gloucester since 1623 and still are.

Jeff Thomas II seeing his grandfather's fishing schooner off in 2013.



The *Adventure* sails again in August, 2013.

Welcome Aboard the Schooner *Adventure* The Last of the Gloucestermen

Schooner *Adventure* is a 122' historic wooden dory fishing schooner built in 1926 in Essex, Massachusetts. Constructed of white oak and yellow pine, she was fashioned as a "knockabout," a design without a bowsprit for the safety of the crew. The Schooner *Adventure* is listed on the National Register of Historic Places, designated a National Historic Landmark and an Official Project of Save America's Treasures, as well as, the flagship of Gloucester, Massachusetts, America's oldest fishing port founded in 1623. She is being restored to serve as a living monument to Massachusetts' fishing heritage and to the over 5,000 fishermen who sailed out of Gloucester and never returned. Once fully restored, the Schooner *Adventure* will sail as a floating classroom with hands on education. Our mission is to offer educational programs focusing maritime history and culture, the fishing industry past and present, local geography, environmental issues and marine studies.

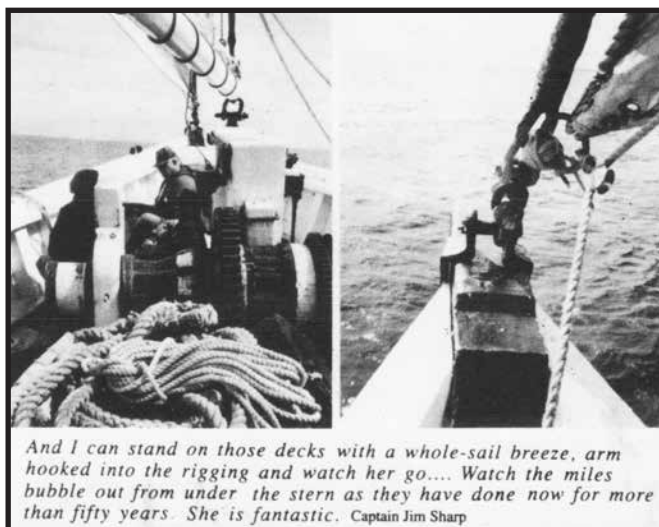
Harbor Loop, Fitz Henry Lane House, Gloucester, MA

Mail: PO Box 1306, Gloucester, MA 01931-1306

<http://schooner-adventure.org>

Phone: (978) 281-8079 | Fax: (978) 281-2393

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And I can stand on those decks with a whole-sail breeze, arm hooked into the rigging and watch her go.... Watch the miles bubble out from under the stern as they have done now for more than fifty years. She is fantastic. Captain Jim Sharp



Reports of Interest from the Delaware River Chapter TSCA



Start of the regatta.

On May 31, 2014, the Independence Seaport Museum held its first Walnut 2 Walnut Regatta. The participants rowed or paddled from Walnut Street at Schuylkill Banks Park, down the Schuylkill River to the Delaware River. Once at the Delaware River the group turned north onto the Delaware River and concluded the trek at the Independence Seaport Museum at Walnut Street. Total length of the journey was 15 miles. The day dawned sunny and bright with initially light winds. Fifteen boats with 38 rowers and paddlers gathered at the Schuylkill Bank Park for the staggered start. At 9:30am kayaks, dories and skiffs began the 15 mile excursion. At 10am the outrigger canoes and whaleboats began their expedition.

Our own Phil Maynard was the sole TSCA participant in the regatta. He was using his Naperstek kayak he obtained in March of this year. The kayak was originally built by George Naperstek as a teenager in 1934. Mr Naperstek is now 93 years old. It was constructed in the attic of the family home in North Hackensack, New Jersey. The kayak frame was built of hemlock. It was found to be in excellent condition but needed to be recovered. Phil used the cold, snowy, miserable winter of 2014 to good use. He recovered the craft and made it good as new.



Story and Photos by Frank Stauss

The participants had a relatively easy go of it while on the Schuylkill River. A light breeze and favorable tide combined for a pleasant trip. Unfortunately that was not to be on the Delaware River part of the passage. As soon as the group turned north onto the Delaware River they were greeted by a

favorable tide that pushed them along, but there was a very strong headwind blowing against them. The fight between wind and tide caused heavy wave action and whitecaps on the Delaware. Not favorable conditions at all.

Fortunately there were eight support boats on the river to assist in any way that was needed. I am very happy to say that there were no mishaps on the river. A dark, scurrilous rumor was being repeated that the only rescue that took place was that of one of the support boats. However, this libelous, nasty and sadly true rumor was confirmed. The crew was saved and all ended well.

At 2:35pm the last boat rowed into the harbor at the Independence Seaport Museum. After docking, all of the rowers and paddlers were invited to the rooftop of the museum for a barbecue and liquid refreshment. As I attended the barbecue and spoke with and listened to the participants I heard but one theme, everyone had a GREAT time! The staff of the museum are to be highly commended for a truly great event. Every contingency was planned for.

For any readers in the area who are rowers and paddlers, put a note on your calendar for sometime next spring for the Walnut 2 Walnut Regatta. The date has not been chosen but this will definitely be an annual event.



Gazelia dory.

Phil Maynard on his way.



Outrigger canoe moving along.



Having a Hunch



Chris Waite

Reprinted from *Dinghy Cruising*, Journal of the Dinghy Cruising Association (UK)
dinghycruising.org.uk

Leaving Ashlett Creek

photograph Alastair Law

What happens if you've misspent a lifetime obsessed with sailing dinghies? Personally, to go with my salt-encrusted hide, I've marinated some serious opinions and most of them can't be bought in GRP from the moulds of a boat building company. By default, I've had to employ the model-boat making experience of my youth, during which several balsa trees gave generously; this, along with a mild predilection for geometry, fulfils my suspect dreams. Aided by the development of epoxy, which adheres, fills and seals like no other gloop on Earth, I have applied a sort of exterior-grade origami to sheets of unsuspecting WBP ply to construct a selection of small boats.

This time the urge came upon me to produce a single-handed, sail and oar 'raid' dinghy, small enough to be easily handled ashore, but large enough to sleep on board and sufficiently seaworthy to keep up

with my Solent DCA chums.

Her name is *Polly Wee*, chosen from a selection of loving handles I have for the 'Minister of the Interior' on the grounds that even if her name is not actually Mary (of which Polly is apparently a diminutive form) but Ruth, I can see the enemy over the top of her head.

So what couldn't I buy 'over the counter'? Flat bottom boats have two advantages: firstly they are dead simple – sufficiently

so that they meet ply sheets on level terms, eye to eye, as it were. Secondly, when high and dry, they don't lurch from chine to chine as you scuffle about onboard – 'Your coffee's in the bilge'. The fact remains that most 'flatties' are not terribly seaworthy and particularly they slam going to windward in a seaway. There is an exception, the Grand Banks 'stacking' Dory, which has a delicious sweeping sheer and well flared sides ...



I'll have some of that then:

The problem is those raked ends to allow for stacking (*see last image*)

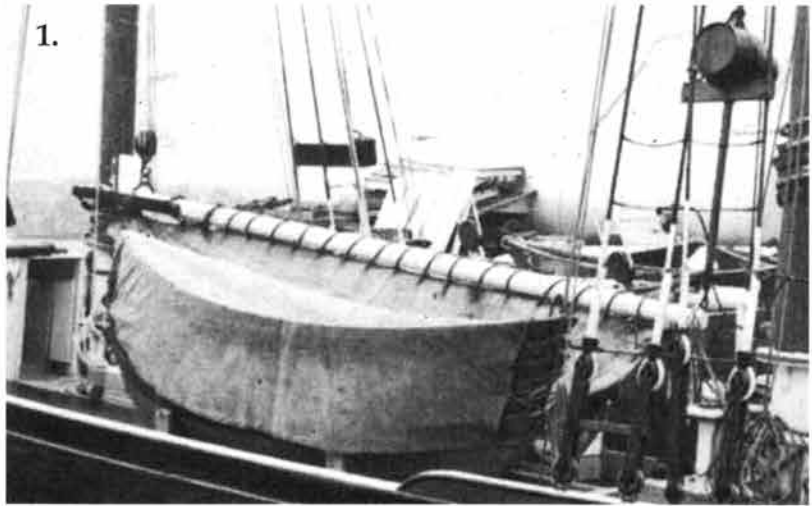
Look carefully under that tarpaulin: six of them in a pile (*see image 1 right*). Tucked-under ends shorten the waterline length, while leaving hard chines to disagree with the water flow forward.

Bring on a dash of Thames Barge and those lovely, 'compound' (think tennis ball) curved sailing ends; also a vertical stem and stern, on what is otherwise just a gurt, great, long, wooden box. Can I have some of that too? (*See photos 2 & 3 right*)

Inconsiderately, the laws of physics dictate that a ply sheet can only produce a 'simple' (think loo roll) curve – one direction at once. Then I had an idea, a notion, a hunch, a Premise, which is a good enough name for a design.

There is no reason why that simple curve has to remain constant; it can alter in direction and degree as it proceeds along the hull. This property can be induced to approximate to a round chine.

Of course, being an inveterate fiddler, I couldn't just leave it at that. Stalked by visions of Viking Long Boats and Galway Bay Hookers and Canadian Canoes and such, I had to throw in a deep rounded forefoot and a little recurvature of the stem. *Retrouse?* Thanks; don't mind if I do. Then I went on to extend the barge stern down to stroke the waterline and finally tip a touch of rake into the transom – just to lift to a following sea, mind (he lied).



'Up Origami and at 'em!'

You'll wonder where the flattie went

When you see how far the ply gets bent (*photograph 4 left*).

There's a reason why she's eleven foot six inches long. That's how far a butt-jointed sheet and a half of ply bends round the side of the hull and it fits in my diminutive garage for construction and storage-on-its-trailer purposes. There's also a reason why she's four foot six inches wide, and that's so she goes between the bollards down on River Road, which leads to the



slipway into the Arun river: (photographs 5 & 6 above).

Of course, it leaves her with a fairly skimpy waterline beam (about three foot three inches – a metre). Not much to stabilize a sailing boat. I believe the Chinese word for ‘disaster’ and ‘opportunity’ is the same and I like that, so I have persuaded myself that the minimalist beam improves her response to slipping along under oar. That still leaves the problem of stability while sailing, but another theory to the rescue: how about some water ballast? Go on, throw it into the mix. After all, if that sheet and a half of ply has been



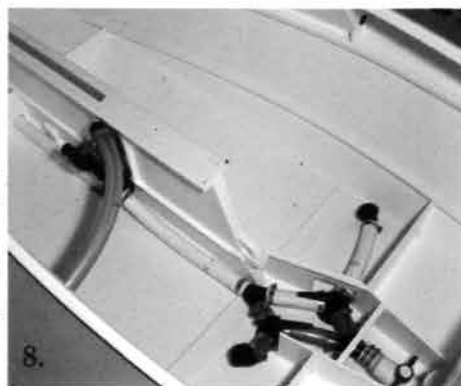
Photograph 7 courtesy of a DCA member whose name I unfortunately do not have

butt-jointed end on, then divided lengthways, there’s a couple of feet for each side: sufficient hull depth to live comfortably over the ballast. Eighteen inches for me and six inches for the boat. She’s quite tall for her age (bottom left, photo 7).

Covering the bilges with sealed floorboards to form fixed water ballast tanks presents three problems. Firstly, while needing to be sealed, they also require waterproof hatches so that the interiors can be inspected and maintained. Secondly, there can be a problem with surging, requiring baffles or similar. Lastly, if you are going to empty them by pumping out, where do you put the strum boxes on a flat bottom boat? In my experience, pumps always leave a puddlesworth sloshing around in any ordinary bilge and a flat bottom can aggravate this considerably.

How about a collapsible, closed system, with some sort of bags under ordinary fixed floor boards, one each side of the centreboard case, more like a pair of lungs, but watery? Step up Plastimo flexible water tanks and rise to the challenge, so to speak. This took many hours of insomnia to develop, but what the hell? I didn’t have anything much else on and glaring owl-eyed and empty-minded into the darkness is a waste of good think.

The eventual system has a skin fitting within the skeg aft which leads to a red handled ball-valve acting as a seacock (see photograph 8 below). Immediately inboard is a Y-piece dividing to supply Y-valves controlling a flexible tank each side. Ahead of these internal valves is another Y-piece leading to a bilge





pump. Sounds a bit complicated, but a picture is worth a thousand words.

Plastimo were not sufficiently considerate to make tanks the right size for my imagination, so I bought the next bigger ones and they lie folded and fuming beneath the floorboards (9 above).

It does work, to the tune of most of a hundred and fifty litres, I estimate.

I couldn't bring myself to imitate the castellations of the ROAMER in order to provide buoyancy high up on the hull, but the forward tank extends right up under the foredeck and similarly the sides of the aft tank come up to deck level. There are also a couple of small side tanks above the thwart, but nothing low down on each side, so she lacks initial stability when swamped and tends to wallow with the free water on board. Luckily this does not come above the centreboard case, so she can be baled out without benefit of solid ground. I

am thinking of getting some flexible foam sheets and making buoyancy 'pads' to run along the sides of the hull below thwart level; we'll see.

I wouldn't say she's always cat-like in her exertions to return to the vertical after a fall, but mast-up appears to be her preferred option, which she achieves with an air

of desultory nonchalance, like an inebriated duchess rising from a chaise longue.

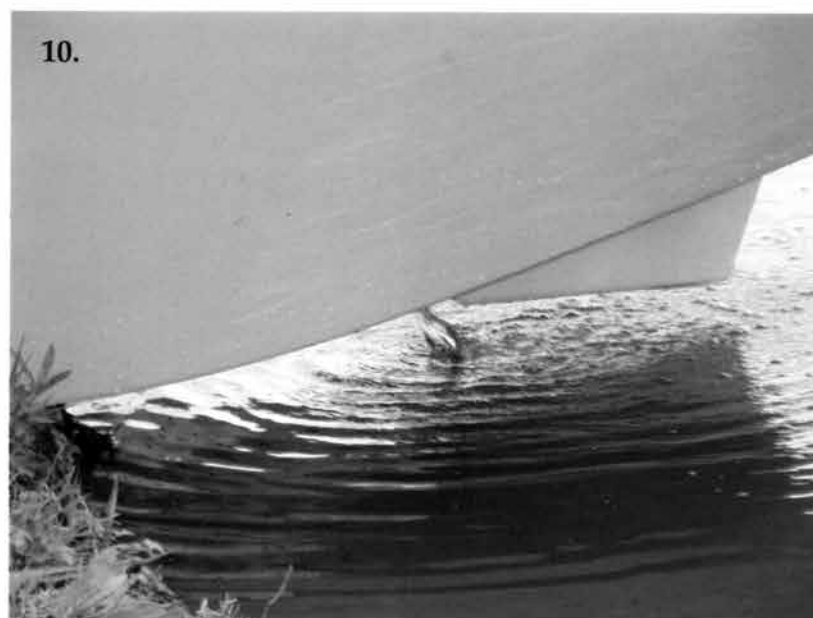
See the YouTube video – *Polly Wee Takes a Bath*, courtesy of my chum Graham Neil: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=JxIZSSj8QIM>

I agree, I wouldn't like to be attempting that in a Sou'wester (not the hat), or rolling in through Chichester entrance either, but it permits some minor cause for hope.

I hadn't intended to go into water-ballast quite this early, but it seemed to want to come, so I let it, a bit like Winnie the Pooh and his Pounds, Shillings and Ounces. The tanks fill merely by opening the seacock along with the valves to each. To empty, simply pull the bow up the shore a tad with the system open to the sea and they drain out; lighter still and lighter (see 10 below).

If afloat, the tank valves can be reversed, separately or together, and emptied with the bilge pump. To keep her level when in the berth to starboard, simply pump out that tank only, though in practice it's far from essential. There is yet another valve under the pump transferring access to any bilge water instead.

Now the rig. I have been steeped in Naval folklore and even embraced the Norfolk Broads on the one hand and Cornwall on the other (long arms?), so I have a love of traditional sail plans. It is difficult to argue that the Bermudan



rig is favourite for speed up wind, but after that it is a complete pig to work at sea. Not over large, so a spinnaker becomes an integral part; highly tensioned and grumpy about being adjusted for size without luffing way up – why bother? Real thinkers counsel simplicity and I can do no more than recommend an unstayed, balance lug for its utter minimalism. I have not successfully been able to reduce the number of lines to less than a halyard, a sheet and a boom strop round the mast; no boom-less mutterings here please. This sail sets to one side of the mast and there will be those who shake their heads and claim a difference in windward ability on each tack. As a former racing fanatic, 'Tosh!' I say. If you can tell the difference in performance, then you're either a liar or an Olympian.

I have added a topping-lift particularly in view of my cuddy, more of which later. Keeping the furled sail on the mast, out of your hair while you're fighting a tight

corner, is worth having an extra line for (*see below, 11*).

Who needs to be struggling with a recalcitrant boom while wrapped in folds of seething canvas in the cockpit?

On the subject of rig, I chose one deep reef that halves the eighty square foot sail. This may sound like an over-reaction, but we all wait until it's far too late to reef. Bear in mind that the weight of wind rises exponentially with speed and it's watching you, waiting till you can't cope. One homeward-bounder thrown in, in desperation, is my answer to the riddle of the ages. And it's got to be easy to do. I have a strop with a toggle on each end through the luff cringle and a forward facing hook under the boom. Shove one toggle in the hook and wrap the strop round any loose folds before pulling tight and popping the other toggle in place over the first – luff sorted.

I have a pennant loosely

looped round the boom just long enough to sit stoppered off through the leech cringle. Come the moment, this is pulled down and slipped over an aft-facing hook on the other side of the boom, before passing forward to be tightened off in a clam cleat further forward on that spar. The belly of the sail is gathered up in a bungee loop passing through a couple of suitably placed reef eyes, with a hook on one side that simply goes under the boom and clips to the bungee bight showing on the other. I can do this, at sea, in a matter of a couple of minutes.

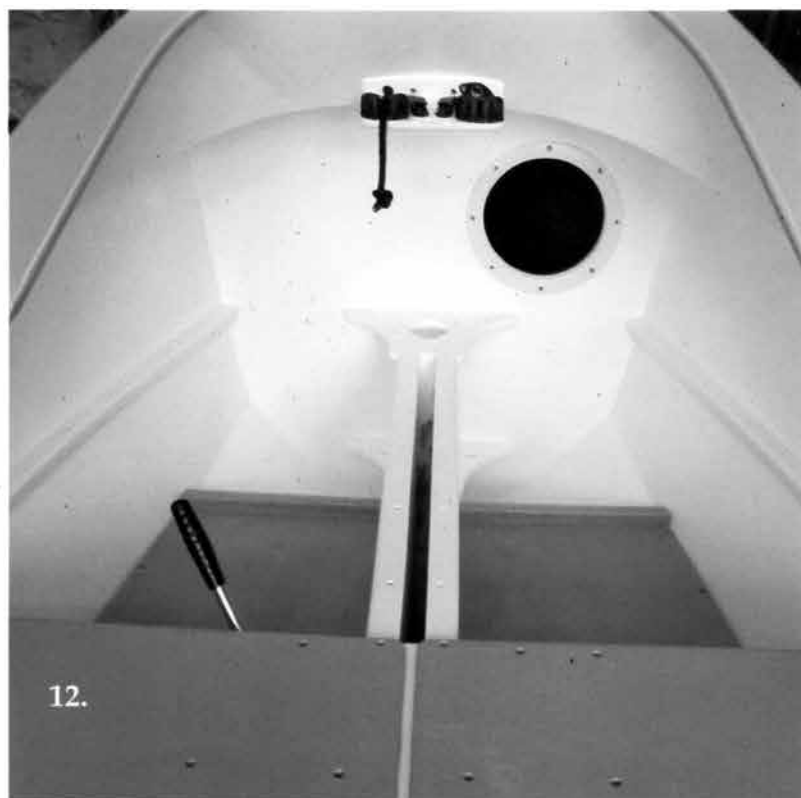
I have to say that this rig works well up to about one hundred square feet. After that it seems to me the sail needs more control than this number of lines can achieve. Get a smaller boat: you're not really using the rest of a bigger one anyway. Having pooh-poohed the idea of small area Bermudan rigs and spinnakers, I am considering a 'gennaker' for long, light legs downwind; also a storm trysail. Both will be twenty square feet, though the difference in weight and shape would make it difficult to have one interchangeable sail. Shame really, as any doubling up of uses on a small boat is a blessing. For instance, the boathook will also act as a bowsprit for the gennaker.

You may note changes, nay improvements, to the rig in the various pictures in this article – white paint on the spars for instance. Also, I determine on almost any dinghy, however small, to have a hinged rudder blade and centreboard. Fixed versions can make close work in shallow water simply hideous, just when you need it least. *Polly Wee* comes within this diktat.

So, a small, deep, flat-bottom boat, but what else makes it worth an article in *Dinghy Cruising*? What do you need to live in a dinghy?

Shelter is good, but I wanted something rather less obtrusive than a full cabin. Flashes of the cute little hutch on Welsford's SCAMP come to mind and my boat is only five inches shorter than that one.





effort. It supports the aft end of the case to stop it flexing under rough conditions. The other starboard-hand section slides out at the drop of a split pin which hangs on a string to fool gravity:

This exposes a chap-shaped hollow and laced along the stringer at thwart level. There is a rolled up net hammock that can be stretched over the gap, being drop-pinned along the edge of the case, with a strut to support the section between there and the stern-sheets aft.

Very comfy and being net it has difficulty collecting even an occasional drop of water (13 & 14).

Ensuring dry nights requires a boom tent, though I've not got as far as making one. However I have already spent a while this last couple of seasons under polytarp, though I would agree it's a little crackly for formal evening

A cuddly, but even that looms rather large in the imagination and close to the back of the head when rowing. An ordinary coaming just doesn't have the requisite protective coefficient, so how about a solid 'cudulette' that might run to a folding canvas extension one of these days? Well I built it, as you can see from the picture showing the depth of hull above. It is sufficient to keep the forward end of the cockpit dry and at a pinch you can sit down on the sole and hunch up right out of the weather. Don't invite friends, there's no room for a party (see 12 above).

And the canvas extension? For my old age, maybe

Next, how about a bed on the grounds that being uncomfortable is easy and exhausting. On most dinghies, trying to sleep is fraught with thwarts and knees and lumpy things in the night. The cockpit on *Polly Wee* is intentionally just long enough to lie out in. No side benches, tanks, or other structures impede this space apart from the main thwart. This is in two halves, the port side, with, I admit, the bilge pump under it. It is screwed down and can only be removed with considerable, tool-driven



wear. Further to that, being of an essentially idle nature and this year's summer nights being eminently benign, it occurred to me rather than fight the tarpaulin over the boom, to turn around in my lair, wrap a dew-proof length of canvas round the sleeping bag and shove my old bonce up under the cudulette. While a tad tight across the shoulders, it's just the ticket, giving an immense and possibly inappropriate feeling of security. This likely induced by subliminal childhood memories of being in a pram.

So, two seasons in, how's my new Partner in Brine shaping up?

First the bad news: her lack of initial stability came as something of an unnerving moment of truth. I sailed the original Lasers for some years and she's every bit as tippy, but there is no going back and claiming the cake you've spent some time eating. She had to go between the bollards: without them I would probably have built her some six inches wider.

Perhaps in a parallel Universe.

Her maiden voyage under sail started out from Cobnor last year without flooding the tanks (*see photograph 15, right*).

15.

Downwind in Chichester Harbour; Photograph Graham Neil



Off Itchenor. Photograph Steve Bradwell

16.



She behaved so well going upwind, that I just kept on rolling out over Chichester Bar to Hayling Bay and eventually approached the entrance to Langstone Harbour. I bore away over a little tide rip and was instantly reduced to crouching in the bottom of the boat, ready to spring sideways to avert a dunking, while she lurched all over the place. She wasn't much better downwind, under Hayling Bridge and back round to Cobnor, where she tried again, just off the point.

The next sail was under ballast, which met with her seal of approval and I rapidly learnt that she also preferred to have me sitting in the sternsheets stopping

her burying her forefoot, as the bow was pushed down by the large sail quite far forward.

More recently we were hit by a gust as I was thinking of gybing and she broached, dunking the boom end in the water – normally a terminal event. Despite my ending up in an indignant heap in the lee bilges she did not actually take on any water and we eventually agreed on an alternative outcome.

It seems to show that while she will always be twitchy downwind, the water ballast is actually heavier than the rig as she approaches the horizontal. Well, that's a relief.

Upwind she actually points

higher than many in the DCA Solent fleet, with a speed to match the smaller ones. Apart from the foil centreboard, I think her narrow hull, fine entry and marked deep chine amidships hold her well up to weather. Surprisingly perhaps, this does not seem to be moderated by the old fashioned lug rig.

So, not exactly a docile boat for an old man to go cruising, but as a school report might say:

'Shows promise.'

Promise?

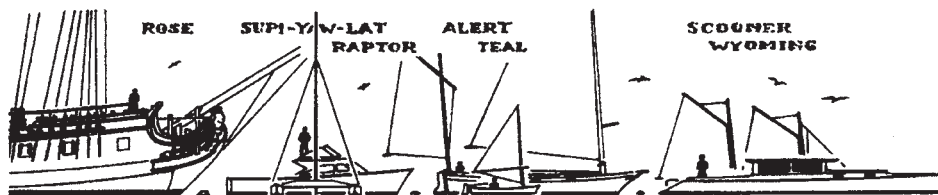
Chris Waite

The Premise 12

LOA	11ft 6ins	3500mm
LWL	11ft 0ins	3350mm
BEAM	4ft 6ins	1370mm
SAIL AREA	80 ft²	7.4 m²
DISPLACEMENT No ballast	275lbs	125 kg
DISPLACEMENT Water ballast (approx.)	325lbs	150 kg

Polly Wee in the build





PHIL BOLGER & FRIENDS, INC
BOAT DESIGNERS
PO BOX 1209
GLOUCESTER, MA 01930
FAX 978-282-1349

After the Party Barge and the Bro Cruiser, back to work. Things have to get done. For quite a few, work can be fun on its own terms, at least some of the time. And as long as you get paid halfway decently, there may be a growing fund for a good amount of partying afloat later. Perhaps even on one of these of workboat layout and a sober if not stark appearance, for most of us of course, only after a decent cleaning.

This is all fairly straightforward. Not much to say about, really. Whatever you'd be working on with her, she's all about the 16' by 6'8" cockpit, a 4' long by 6'6" fully enclosed heated/cooled wheelhouse with a sliding door for at least some protection across seasons and weather, all driven along by a four cylinder, long stroke, 3.1 liter, 2,800rpm industrial Deutz F4-2011 diesel engine, located in her bow, pushing out in continuous duty rating either about 60hp naturally aspirated or about 75hp turbo charged.

In the context of the narrative of this series of various concepts on the same hull, this would seem more power than really necessary.

Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

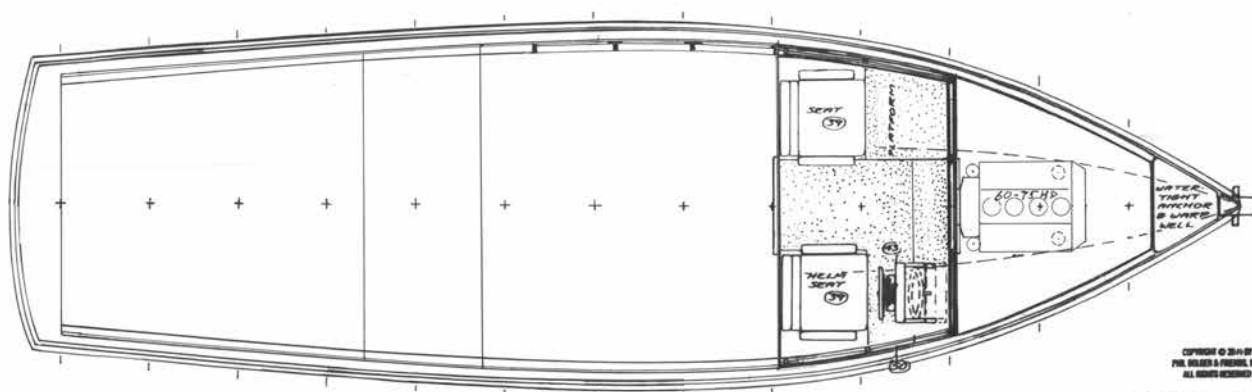
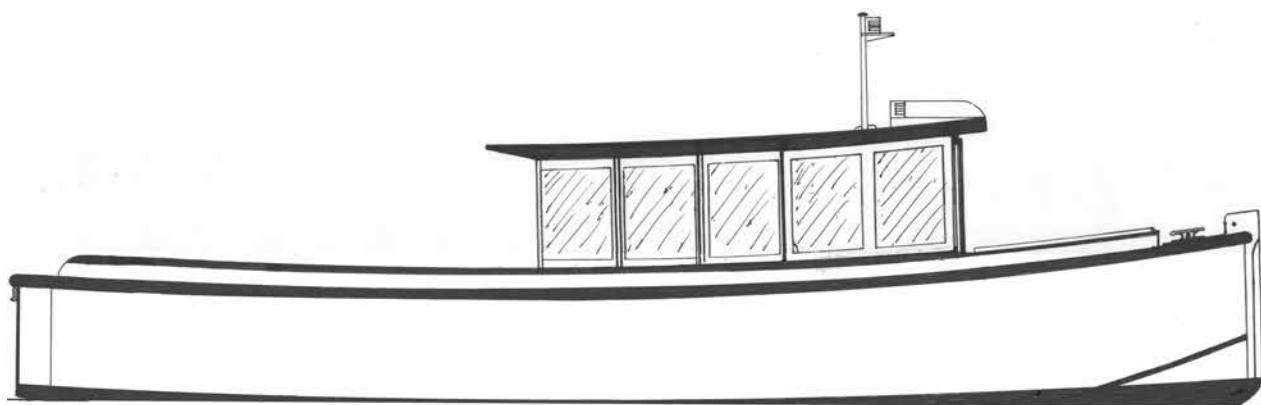
More Preliminary Studies for "Champlain-28" 28'x8'2"x1'8"x60-75hp

Part 7 Model 9 Multi Purpose Workboat/Lobsterboat

However, the drive train aboard a workboat would really need to be quite conservative to get a long engine life and superior reliability. Lots of thing would be expected of the boat as a matter of course. We'd want at least a modest clutched power take off for a hydraulic pump to drive whatever, perhaps a belt driven 10kw AC generator to illuminate a worksite, or drive a welder, plus the option to drive a compressor, or just a stout, bus style 300amp 12v alternator, etc.

And there would be many scenarios where towing and pushing duty would be routine jobs to perform. Even just a modest hydraulic pump for a lobster trap hauler might consume 12-15hp, of course, likely not at the same time the engine is expected to push her along. But there would be plenty of conceivable concurrent drains on the output of the engine. To drive her through the water, we are looking at 60/75 steady horses, mated to at least a 3:1 reduction gear ratio to swing a low pitch 20-22" diameter prop at the far end of the 17'8" propshaft, with the wheel well protected by a longer keel for a 30" draft.

Whatever her multi purpose working life may come to be, we'd just be making that same 7kt hull a bit sturdier yet by adding another layer of ply here and there, chafing surfaces where deemed essential, perhaps even an ice belt of consumable pressure treated bolted on plywood between her chine and at least 12" above her waterline to support work in February in New England. Perhaps short lengths of aluminum or stainless, nylon sheets, protection and reinforcements



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SCALE 3/4" = 1'0"
 DESIGN #636-B

PHIL BOLGER & FRIENDS
 DESIGNERS
 HANDEDLY MANUFACTURED

as necessary for the given type of work. All on a hull of very simple geometries, readily repairable, again and again.

Yes, she could be done even in aluminum (!) or steel for that matter, with the latter likely suggesting the extension of her box bow quite a ways aft to carry that weight and likely integrating fuel tankage while we are at it.

The engine is protected in its own compartment with the hinged top/hood opening as far as it takes to stand up next to it and kick the cast iron lump in frustration, or to readily lift out the 600lbs engine with a common tow truck up on the pier. For crew protection the minimal wheelhouse could be discarded altogether or added to. In most uses the 6'6" roof abaft the wheelhouse would be useful, shorter or longer yet. Here on her portside a three panel row of windows adds protection for crew working on her deck while she's underway. In summer, we duct the hot air off the oil cooled engine away from house and deck. In New England winters we'd want all the heat the engine produces to heat the house and then blow across the work deck to keep it ice free. While inherent in internal combustion, there is no point in dumping that expensive waste heat into the water.

Adding to her utility, she can make that full range of power to drive whatever system aboard even if she were solidly frozen in salt or fresh water ice, if she sat high and dry on a beach at low tide, parked in blocking in a yard somewhere or while sitting, if

not rolling along, on a trailer. Air oil cooled engines have their distinct advantages, all without investment in keel coolers or raw-water intake strainers, pumps, valves, hoses, plumbing!

Which leaves just the hydraulic steering to be mentioned, the need to balance her engine forward with batteries left and right of the rudder stock way aft and a brief note that her fuel could be in modest tanks making up the lower half of the seat bases in her wheelhouse to drain into centerline collector tank for perhaps 100 gallons of diesel fuel.

This does not really need stating explicitly, but her layout is pretty much about keeping that cockpit as open and simple to get the most use out of as possible. And in the interest of keeping industrial gear as low as possible, there is no self draining here, with all that pumping power aboard.

Built in plywood/epoxy/fiberglass construction, depending upon how much heavier than water equipment she'd carry, we might still be able to keep her fairly "sinking resistant" with liberal integration of closed cell foam board in all sorts of otherwise dead spaces to quickly add up comfortable volumes to help keep her afloat.

Finally, to illustrate her at work, a Massachusetts typical lobsterboat layout shows her carrying a maximum load of 49-50 units of 2'x3'x16" lobster traps, as you would setting them for the first time per season, or back out again after a massive storm. Depending on your personal handedness, the hauler and

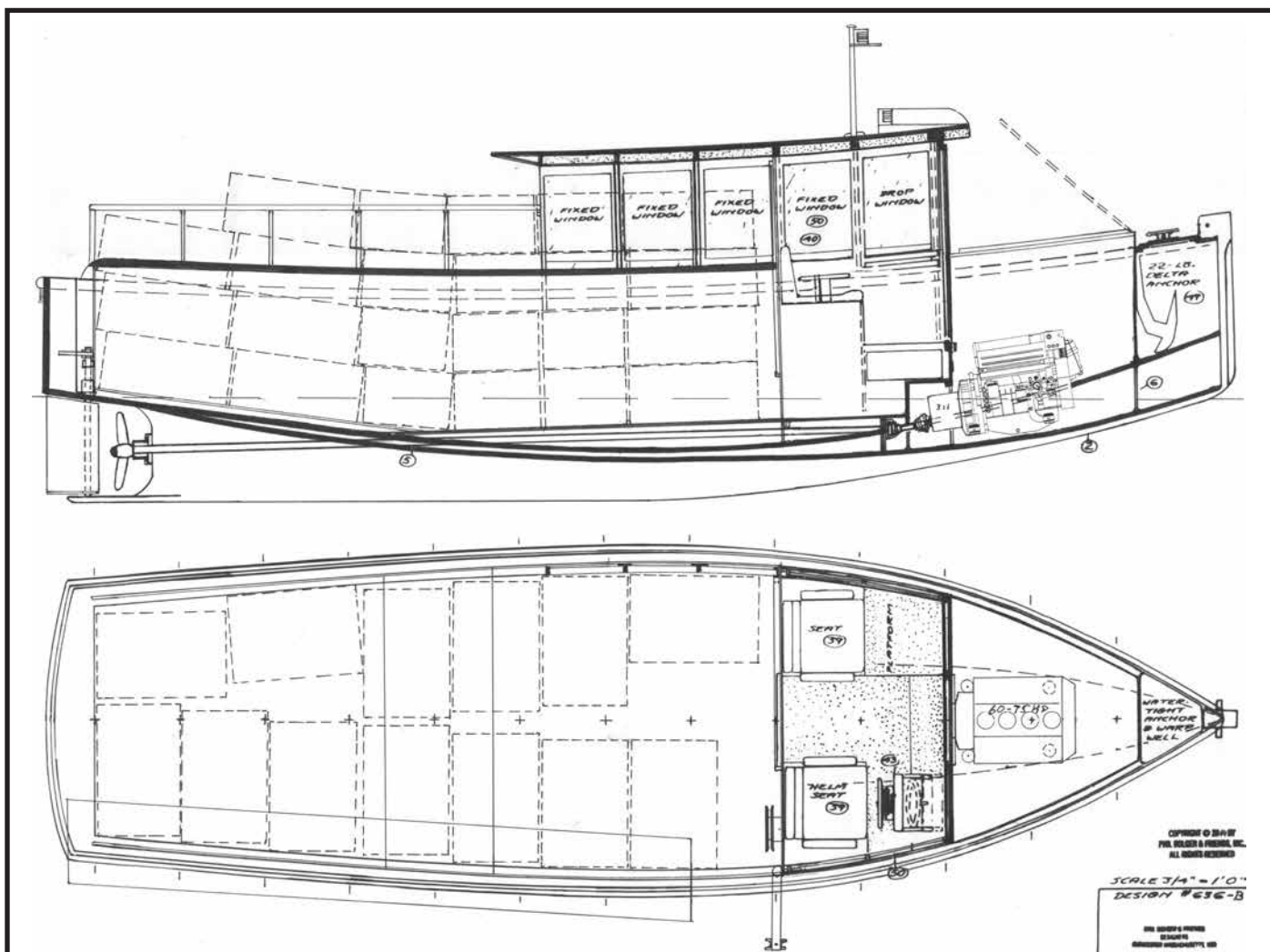
davit could be on the other side. In daily work, at least eight traps forward to port would be displaced by barrels or tanks with fresh seawater circulating to keep the catch happy to be eaten down the line.

No doubt to the dismay of too many (send tear stained mail to Bob), this may indeed bring to an end this particular series of concepts around the hull of Champlain (Design #636) stretched from 22'6" to 28". We've looked at nine possible layouts with four different propulsion options, a broad range of appearances and ergonomics, from day boat club duty with perhaps ten aboard, over two some multi week cruising utility, to hard core, no nonsense commercial work duty.

Of course, one could consider a 100hp large four Diesel with a 4:1 gear in a box keel amidship to support a dedicated tugboat purpose, probably with 2' of hull taken off her stern again to come in at the magic (regulations driven) 26' maximum length beyond which commercial towing requires more impressive paperwork and other dramatics all around.

Or we could add to the 28' version a 6' stern wheel perhaps to push her right over and through weeds, trash, muskrats, anacondas and other unspeakables in Bayou country.

Then again, perhaps better to stop this series now, only to start up in the next issue on a different tack. There is always more, a habit likely impossible to break.



As we navigate through life, or it through us, it is interesting the themes that repeat. I've always been a woodworker. At first it was practical, can't afford furniture, buy good castoffs and repair and refinish. I learned good and bad construction, stripping and finishing and I ended up with antiques. Then comes the home, remodeling and renovation and new skills and tools are acquired. Then "She" doesn't want to move anymore and we are on Lake Michigan so why not kayaks? After building two or so, it's another move, also on the lake and more boats.

Finally too many boats. Solution? Scale modeling. "She" and a model making friend's encouragement to go small got me started with a 1:8 scale Adirondack GuideBoat I've called *Grant's Ghost* after one of the pre eminent boat building families from Boonville, New York. I've always admired this boat but couldn't justify its use here.

An interesting twist, as I was completing the model, the Paddlesport Show "Canoeopia" in Madison, Wisconsin, occurred, where I visited with Steve Kaulback of the Adirondack GuideBoat Company. A recent back cover of *MAIB* featured their 34lb Vermont Pack Boat. I fell in love and asked them if they took trade

Old Theme, New Horizons

By Rob Ecker



ins. I had phone pictures to share of my model and got an odd look on Ian Martin's (new co owner) face until he figured it out to be a model.

Subsequently I've entered the model in the 38th Annual Midwestern Model Ship and Boat Contest at the Wisconsin Maritime Museum in Manitowoc, Wisconsin, and received Gold for Scratch Built Novice and Best Novice Builder Award from North Shore Deadeyes of Chicago.

Your publication has something to do with all this. "She" says its all your fault but I have an Adirondack GuideBoat and its little cousin the Vermont Pack Boat that has been a joy so far and I've discovered modeling that is rewarding, challenging and small.

Resources in Addition to *MAIB*

Adirondack Museum, Blue Mountain Lake, New York, adirondackmuseum.org

Wisconsin Maritime Museum, 75 Maritime Dr., Manitowoc, Wisconsin, WisconsinMaritime.org

Nautical Research Guild, 20 Water St, PO Box 7, Cuba, New York, the NRG.org

Seaways *Ships in Scale* Magazine, Seaways.com

Mirco Mark Small Tools, micromark.com

Adirondack GuideBoat Grant's Ghost Historical Account

I was attracted to the Adirondack GuideBoat by its lines and simple beauty. It has been described as the Stradivarius of rowing craft and remains the fastest fixed seat rowing boat. In 2006 I considered building a full scale boat after completing two kayaks. I visited the Adirondack Museum in Blue Mountain Lake, New York, and stayed at the Boonville Inn, hometown of the Dwight Grant boat shop. The original interior of Grant's shop now makes up much of the museum's Guide Boat display.

The boats were unique to the Adirondack area (approximately one third of the northern part of New York) where roads were rare, lakes many with mountains in between. Thus a boat weighing just 70lbs that could be carried by the guide but could carry a ton was indeed the pickup truck of the North Woods from the 1830s to into the early 1900s.

The origin to a particular builder is lost. The boats evolved from builder to builder with Dwight Grant, Warren Cole of Long Lake and Willard Hanmer of Saranac Lake being some of the more prolific. The best documentation is from the examples at the Adirondack Museum, plans of Grant's original *Ghost* of 1882 and Kenneth and Helen Durant's book *The Adirondack Guide Boat*, a comprehensive study of the history, culture and construction of the Guide Boat based primarily on the material and interviews with surviving Grant family members.

Construction would not have been possible without the development of small tack and screw machines. There are over 6,000 tacks and screws used in the building process. The light weight was achieved with thin $\frac{3}{16}$ " thick planking and the diminutive cedar ribs from natural crooks.

Guide Boats have two rowing positions, for balancing the load, not for two rowers. Rowing is done cross handed. The boat fell out of popular use as waterways were developed and roads were introduced.

Original Guide Boats can still be found and command good money. A number of contemporary builders such as Adirondack GuideBoat Company of Vermont build strip versions and sell kits as well.

After I visited the museum and immersed myself in the possibility of building one, I didn't. In describing the boat and its intended use I realized that as much as I admired it, it was not appropriate for my use in Lake Michigan in Sheboygan, Wisconsin. Instead I built a 16' double ended Joel White Shearwater rowing boat and another sailing boat since. No more room in the garage and prompting from my wife and friend Jim Brotz to build on a smaller scale brought me back to the Adirondack GuideBoat as my first modeling effort.

Adirondack GuideBoat, Grant's Ghost Construction Account

1:8 Scale, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ "=1'

Model Dimensions: 25"x5 $\frac{1}{8}$ "x3 $\frac{1}{4}$ "

Specific details came from plans from the Adirondack Museum at Blue Mountain Lake, New York, of Dwight Grant's Adirondack GuideBoat, *Ghost* of 1882. Observations of originals and Kenneth Durant's book, *The Adirondack Guide Boat*, were the primary sources of information with sequence construction details from Steve Wheeler's articles on *Monona* in *Ship in Scale* magazine (2012) and Jim Brotz for additional modeling tips.

One eighth inch plywood forms for each of the rib location profiles were attached to a building platform, stabilized and faired. Bow and stern stems and bottom board are maple and were next installed. Forms were waxed prior to planking with .032" thick pear planks. Planking began from the bottom board, completed four and then established the sheer and sheer plank, then filled in.

I found rare earth magnets useful in keeping planks aligned but only after staining a set of planks requiring replacement due to moisture reaction with the magnets. Wrapping the magnets with masking tape cured



the problem and also made it easier to separate them. Initially I started with white glue but switched to cyanoacrylate for the majority of applications. I found the quick setting and clean up easier to work with.

With planking complete and off the forms, I created a foamboard surround/support for interior clean up and rib installation. Maple wales were attached. Each pair of ribs were individually plotted, cut with scrollsaw and fit.

Interior was sanded, scuff plates positioned, seat riser locations marked and then the interior was varnished prior to deck installation. Decks are cherry with tiger maple deck circles. Seat risers are maple with the caned seats being cherry, the carrying yoke is butternut and oars are maple with brass locks and plates. Brass was also used for stem bands and shoes on the varnished boats.

My interpretation of the Guide Boat is an original design coupled with modern adhesives, therefore, I chose not to attempt to represent the over 2,000 flat head screws and 4,000 tiny tacks originally used in a 16' boat.

The attractive lines are difficult to display in a horizontal plane without the viewer bending down to view. To alleviate this problem a mahogany base was used with a teak crutch to secure the stern of the boat, which can also rotate on the mahogany base. To encourage stability in the crutch, there is a removable magnetic puck disguised as a cabinet tucked into the stern.



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If you've been following these Chronicles from the beginning, you've read several references to the long delayed "Converting the Canoe for Rowing Project." No more, it's finally happened. Designed (a somewhat generous description of my process), built, tested and documented on 8"x10" glossy photos with circles and arrows on the back (just kidding about the circles and arrows, Arlo). The impetus for this project came from three things; proximity to a large and beautiful body of water, nostalgia for rowing my old Pamplemousse skiff and a shamefully under used Great Canadian canoe hanging on a rack behind the garage.

I wanted a boat that I could keep down on the cobblestone beach below the house. "Down" and "below" are the operative terms here, as you will see if you carefully examine Photo #2. As mentioned in Chronicle #13, it's a 40' drop from the meadow at the top of the bluff to the beach, if one can call that rock-strewn shoreline a beach. The slope down to the water is about 65° (hence the "staircase" in the photo). This shoreline is still rebounding from the weight of ice that compressed the whole province downward during the last ice age. That's why there's a bluff here now, with the beach down below. Some 20 odd years ago real geologists came here to study a "perched beach" (one that was originally "the beach" but is now 30' above the water) that was discovered a short distance down the coast.

Getting a boat, any boat, from the house to our beach and back is a daunting task and not one I want to be obliged to re enact every time the urge to get on the water strikes. And that's only half the battle. If the tide is at low ebb, come urge time I have to get the boat across 150'-175' of assorted moss and seaweed covered granite, basalt and blue stone rubble before I even get my ankles wet. It being the Bay of Fundy and all, when the tide is in that distance might be as little as 30'.

So, it's well if my urges are in synch with the tides. It's also well to have a boat that doesn't weigh 100+lbs. Been there, done that, wrote about it last year. Happily the Great Canadian canoe fits comfortably below the maximum weight restriction. Since purchasing it in 1978 I've put a lot of water under the keel of this canoe, in whitewater, on placid rivers, in lakes and along shore on St Mary's Bay. I enjoy paddling quite a lot.

The whitewater adventures were all undertaken when I was somewhat younger. A couple of decades on, chronic arthritis in my thumbs and recurring acute tendonitis in my elbows has dimmed my enthusiasm and

St Mary's Bay Chronicles #14

The Great Canadian Rowing Boat

By Ernie Cassidy
upcloseconcerts@eastlink.ca

limited my abilities for that aspect of paddling. But poking around in the rip rap along our dramatic shoreline is still fun, if I pick my day; i.e., light wind and not much surging amongst the boulders. Idling along in 2' of water, watching the bottom go by is delightful in any sort of boat that can do that, including the 16' sailboat.

However, as mentioned last month, I also enjoyed the sound and feel of rowing my old skiff, more because of the thole pin oarlocks than the actual pleasure of rowing. Even for a flatiron skiff, she was not optimally designed for rowing.

Rowing Commodore Comeau's Whitehall, with a set of high zoot spoon blade oars, is a more satisfying experience than was prying the skiff through the water with my homemade oars, especially out in the Bay where I really have to cover some distance before I feel as if I've gone anywhere at all. But the Whitehall has "proper" oarlocks. They're very efficient at transforming the power of my muscles into propulsion. But they're, well, too quiet. Call me perverse, but I always enjoyed the sound of oars working against a pair of thole pins. I'm willing to trade that against a certain amount of efficiency.

The traditional Whitehalls were working watermen's boats, efficiency mattered when they were rowing from dawn to dark for money. "Pleasure boating" is a whole other kettle of fish, so to speak. The parameters for satisfaction are broader and what it "sounds like" is a valid consideration. So the primary design goal was to come up with a device that would allow me to propel the canoe with oars and thole pins.

After all, when one thinks about it, a canoe is just about the perfect shape for a rowing boat. All the good traditional rowing boats were double ended at the waterline, regardless of what was going on from there up. A canoe is really just a good rowboat without the beam at the rails, the flaring bow and a pretty wineglass transom.

The second design goal was to not ruin the canoe for paddling. That meant the rowing rig had to be easily and quickly removable. Drop in

was what I had in mind, though some thought would have to be given to keeping it firmly in place while rowing. Clamps were considered, among other less obtrusive solutions.

At this point I was having fond, and envious, memories of our publisher, who is an accomplished metal fabricator, the Leonardo DaVinci of the brazing torch. Once settled on a design, he'd have had this thing put together, with odd bits of tubing and silver solder, in about an hour.

Alas, I lack the skill and the equipment for this kind of work. I'm an aspiring woodworker. I've been aspiring for six decades now and have designed and built everything from an 8"x12" birdhouse to a 28'x28' two story people house. If it can be built out of wood, I can usually figure out a way to do it. It will always be cheap, most often utilitarian and sometimes spartan to the point of crudity, if that will suffice. One perk of my job is that I can buy lumberyard materials and hardware at an employee discount. This makes fabricating one's contrivances out of wood that much more attractive.

Someone with more patience, and time, than I would have come up with a lovely, curvaceous laminated structure, fit to publish in *WoodenBoat* magazine. As you'll observe in Photo #1 of the initial clamped together backyard mockup, I knocked together a starkly rectilinear structure, using pressure treated 2"x4"s, galvanized lag bolts, ceramic coated deck screws and assorted fabricated wood bits.

As Phillip Bolger wrote about a sail/row/motor boat he designed for Dynamite Payson many years ago, there's a whiff of galley warfare about this thing which could be easily emphasized if I closed in the "box" with thin plywood. A pointy snout, jutting out just above the water, would complete that picture nicely. Salonica, here I come.

Full disclosure. For much of the time I spent thinking about how to build this appliance, I had been harboring a nagging concern that it would be a dismal failure (fodder for a ghost written final Chronicle/epitaph perhaps) because the design I came up with puts the all up center of gravity a lot higher above the waterline than canoes like to have it. There's a reason why the uninitiated refer to them as "tippy." The rowing seat ended up a couple of inches higher than the canoe's seats, which I never use when paddling anyway as I prefer to kneel on a pad on the bottom of the boat, keeping the "live ballast" down low. As easy as it would be to do with aluminum tubing, executing some sort of drop down fandango with lumberyard wood looked like an only if I absolutely have to kind of thing.

Photo 1: Backyard mock-up.



Photo 3: Sunset on the water.



Making matters worse, the drop in frame (or drop on, to be more accurate) rests on the gunwales of the canoe. Granted, its weight, and the rower's, is equally distributed across the boat, providing I sit exactly on the centerline. As it turned out, I am pretty much forced to do this, because the rowing seat runs fore and aft, not athwartship. That said, I had a hunch that I wouldn't want to be reaching overboard to fetch my wind blown hat out of the water while perched "way up there."

Oh well, nothing ventured, nothing gained. Let's lose the clamps, break out the drills and other implements of destruction, the lag bolts, etc, and get this thing built! I began on a Saturday afternoon, after getting home from work. The basic quadrilateral structure is made up of stacked 2"x4"s, held together at the corners with 1/4" lag bolts run up from the underside (the idea being to keep sharp metal corners as out of the way as possible). I took the trouble of using three bits, of decreasing diameter, to drill the pilot holes for the lag bolts, to get as much clamping power as possible out of the threaded part of the lag bolt, while minimizing the wedging effect of the unthreaded shaft.

Of course, clamping effect notwithstanding, a parallelogram, held together by one fastener at each corner, is not a very rigid structure. Does the phrase "hinge pins" ring a bell? So, using off cuts from another PT lumber project, I fabricated some anti wracking stops, which were glued and screwed such as to keep the frame pieces in perpendicular alignment to each another. I now had a fairly rigid perimeter frame. Rigid enough, I hoped, to cope with the forces exerted by 6' levers (the oars) trying their best to torque the frame out of alignment. This all took until lunch-time on Sunday.

Next task was hanging the rowing seat. According to more experienced people than I (Pete Culler, for one, and the aforementioned Mr Bolger, to name another) the rowing seat ought to be somewhere in the vicinity of 7"-9" below the oarlocks. This was a serendipitous parameter for my purposes, as it meant the front edge of my rowing seat, which I knew would be best set fore and aft, would bear against the forward thwart of the canoe. The carrying yoke had long since been removed to clear the center of the boat for solo paddling. This solved one part, the forth, of the requirement to keep the frame from sliding back and forth along the aluminum gunwales of the canoe.

More off cuts provided the 1" spacers required to drop the plywood rowing seat to 7 1/2" below the side rails that would carry the thole pins. All was clamped together, bored through and fastened with two 3/8" carriage bolts at each end. This added additional dimensional stiffness to the perimeter frame. Out of kindness, and space considerations, I'm not including photos of all these little fiddly bits. If anyone is foolish enough to want to duplicate this thing, send me an email and I'll send you some detail photos and/or crude drawings.

After a break for lunch with the First Mate, it was time to tackle the thole pins. I knew I wanted at least two rowing stations, one more towards the stern, for solo rowing, and one further towards the bow, to trim the boat better with a passenger in the stern sheets. I was already having visions of parasols, glasses of Merlot and a tray of scones with pear jam.

Not being a naval architect, nor having the least proficiency in the math required to

calculate things like prismatic coefficients, centers of buoyancy or stability curves, I resorted to the tried and true technique for calculating where the thole pins should go, guessing. In truth, it was more basic than that. I simply scootched as far towards the stern as would allow the oars to be conveniently worked, and put one set of holes there. Then, I backed up as far as the rear cross spall of the frame would allow and put another set of holes there. I had some proper ship's augers for this work.

I suspect, though don't know it for a fact, that when this was a common operation among people who made their living handy to the water, tapered bits were available for boring holes for thole pins. The pins themselves would be turned out, in batches, on a lathe. All I had was untapered augers and dowel stock, so that's what I used. It took about half an hour to bore the eight holes, some of that time spent adjusting for an awkwardly located knot that I hadn't noticed when I was laying out the pattern on the other side of the boat. Not having a lathe, I tapered 1" dowel stock, cut to length on the belt sander, then finished them by hand sanding with a foam pad and sticky backed sandpaper. That took about 15 minutes each.

It was at this point that I remembered that the back part of the back and forth problem still hadn't been dealt with. There being no handy thwart in the way of this end of the rowing seat, something else was needed. That's when I realized that a pair of long 8" wood hooks could be fabricated and screwed to brackets that had once held another thwart in place when I first purchased the canoe. These L shaped hooks were made out of 3/4" plywood and fitted snug to the forward end of the frame. This effectively locked the frame into place and eliminated any trace of fore and aft movement.

That left only the side to side movement to be dealt with. Returning to my diminishing pile of off cuts, I fashioned four small stop blocks, which were screwed to the bottom rails of the rowing frame, bearing against the gunwales of the canoe. Turning the canoe upside down would dump the rowing frame from the boat, but as long as she was upright there would be no lateral movement of the frame in any direction.

It would be another five hours before the flood arrived and made launching a simple, rather than arduous, process. I took the time

to slather some wood preservative on all the raw saw cuts and into all the wood on wood joints. Then the whole outfit was hauled across the yard, the road, the meadow and lowered down to the beach on ropes. Sea trials would have to wait until after supper. That was a great meal and now we're back. Drum roll and cymbal crash please, as we announce the results. By damn, it works! I have a canoe that I can row.

I had brought my 6' long oars for the sea trials, but it was soon obvious that I should try the store bought (and typically blade heavy) 7' oars the next time out. I was thinking "canoe," which is quite narrow, and forgot that the drop in rowing rig is 4' wide. This is normal rowing boat beam so the 7' oars make perfect sense.

I was going to take the First Mate out with me after the photo shoot, but in the 20 minutes between my setting off and her arriving with camera and lifejacket, a bit of a sea made up and I feared it might be too hubbly for someone who's not a big risk taker on her first voyage in a not much tested contraption. That will have to wait for another day.

All in all, however, I'm encouraged. The motion is lively in a seaway, but not scary, even just flopping around in the troughs, which I tried just to see how it felt. I'm not suggesting that it's fit to take out when there are whitecaps marching in military ranks down the bay, but in any conditions that one wouldn't have to be demented, or suicidal, to attempt, I think she'll do OK. In fact, I'm sure of it. And I'll say this about rowing a canoe, I can make the kind of progress, against a headwind, that I can only dream about paddling solo and that I would work much harder to maintain even paddling double with a strong partner.

She's a bit crank in a following sea. This canoe has a deep, sharp forefoot at each end and wave action really wanted to shove the stern around. This may have required nothing more than a change to the other rowing station, to pull the stern a bit higher out of the water, or vice versa. I can even swap bow for stern and add another set of holes for the thole pins and see how that works. Obviously there's more to try, study and learn.

What I know for sure is that the "dismal failure" I had apprehensions about has not been realized. The concept is proven, this thing works.

We're havin' fun now.

Photo 2: Canoe homeport.



Helen and I went sailing on Memorial Day along with a million motorboaters. They weren't too bad because they were all anchored up on the flats playing in the water and not speeding all over trying to run us down. There aren't too many days they can find an excuse to get out on the water and off the trailers so they were making the most of it. I won't say anything bad about the motorboaters because the sailboaters were sorely lacking. It was a beautiful day, nice breeze, and we were the only sail on the water on the whole west coast of Florida. What's wrong with this picture? Nothing, old folks cover up to keep the sun off while the young let it all hang out. You probably don't want to see me hanging out anyway.



Sure was pretty water, wasn't it?



Then we sailed on down to the Mar Vista for a lunch of shrimp and beer, see what I mean about the lack of sailboats. There were motorboats of all sizes trying to get a spot for lunch.



Here's something to ponder. We've all gone to acrylic latex paint for our boats, actually the new ones are all acrylic, whatever that is. These paints last forever, don't fade or chip, are waterproof and simple to touch up and clean up. But we're still stuck with the horrible problem of trying to live with brightwork. Well, you are, I've pretty much given up anything that looks like wood. There are three things on the outside of *Helen Marie*

From the Tiki Hut

By Dave Lucas

that haven't been painted, this vent, the floor grating and the door which is starting to go to hell.



So what would happen if I used water based varnish? Would it hold up like the paint does? Would it just sort of wear away and not chip and need to be sanded down to the bare wood? I sanded the floor grate about a year ago, the good varnish had lasted less than six months, and I put on four coats of this stuff. It's really easy to put on since it's water. I just slopped it on and blew the excess off with the air hose and it still looks the same as when I put it on back then. And it dries really fast. It doesn't give the deep high gloss look of "real" varnish, but if it lasts who cares other than the nuts who want to impress us with their mirror finish. The side vent went on last week after hours of sanding the old cracked stuff off and three coats of this put on, I'll let you know how it holds up.



His new motor is on Jim's boat so the end of this build is in sight. This motor is fantastic, it has electronic fuel injection and fires up and runs like a sewing machine. He hasn't said what he's thinking of doing for his next project, there's no way he'll ever stop, the challenge is just too much fun.



Stan's junk looks sort of like a junk or a landing barge. It's lacking ends but does have a painted brown bottom. Stan does things a bit differently than most of the rest of us. When I say this is the biggest 16-footer I ever saw, I ain't kidding. This isn't a trick picture, he really is standing next to it with a roller in his hand.





Well, I take that back, I do know someone else who's a strange boat builder or should I say who builds strange boats? I think it's both in this case. This is Jay Bliss doing some tank testing of his new high speed electric race boat. He's probably doing this while Peg is off somewhere. Jay is famous for his designs. He thinks of something and builds it with absolutely no regard of what anyone else thinks he should be doing, that sounds familiar, doesn't it? I wish he lived next door to me so I could watch him make this stuff up.



This Core Sound is a good example of what happens when anything is left alone for years. It doesn't matter if it's a car, a house or a boat, things just start to go bad if they're not used. This boat was built here at the shop back in '08 by Doc Jose to the highest standards. I've told you before about how particular he is about everything being perfect and they will be again when I'm finished. This boat will be just right for me and Helen and kids and dogs. A good example of what happens to oil paint can be seen on that narrow brown water line in the second picture. It wasn't originally brown, it was bright red like the new paint up top. It has faded from red to brown over the years out in the sun even though the boat was covered with a tarp. It will still be red in five years with this "house" paint.



A bunch of motorboat looking things in this view of the shop. We'll see what's there in a couple of months because all of these will be somewhere else.



Here's my new boat all fixed up and painted, I can't wait to give it a sail. I've seen lots of Core Sounds but had no idea they were this nice, should go like the wind.



I know I talk about him a lot but some guys are more photogenic than others. Here's Crazy Steve with a 6' stand up paddle he just finished. What's wrong with this picture? He was having so much fun with custom laminations and fittings that he forgot to cut the thing to the proper length. After we got finished with all the Jolly Green Giant jokes he shortened it.



We have a lot of things getting done in the shop right now, should be some good reports soon.

Here's how Stan moves his junk, little wheels. He's really moving on this boat, working on the inside right now.

In the past year or so I have been finding quite a few small (and some large) boats on craigslist and other classified ads that are very inexpensive. With price negotiation they can be crazy cheap. With a little cleaning, paint and often a simple repair one can own a very affordable boat.

Craigslist generally offers low end items, or items that people just want to get out of the house, garage or shed. If they can get a couple bucks, fine, if not, it still has to go. Essentially it's an online flea market/garage sale. Most things are very negotiable. Not just on craigslist but in any of the swap sheets and local town papers, along with the classifieds in this magazine and others.

Lately I have been buying cheap little boats and "flipping" them. No, not in the water, as I've done in the past, but like they do with houses. I find that the same cheap boat with an hour's worth of paint and cleaning will resell for double what I pay for it. If I add a simple upgrade or repair the price I will end up with often double that. I have done this with several boats last season and several this season and it's only late May! I am not getting rich by any stretch, but it does add a little pocket money for dinner and the next CL discovery. If one is willing to travel to surrounding cities it opens up even more opportunities.

I find that if I get a couple pictures of the boat(s) I can save time and negotiate by email and arrange to pick the boat up. For example, last year I answered an ad for a small sailboat for sale for \$100. I wanted the sails, mast and boom, not the boat. When I got there to see it I found a fiberglass boat that needed some work to get it back in the water. After an investment of a \$100 worth of paint and material and a couple of hours of work I sold the boat for \$650. That got me thinking and I began "flipping" a few ever since.

This year I sold Toothpick, a 17' skiff that I bought from the classified pages of this magazine. We used this boat for a half dozen years while adding other boats to the fleet for flipping. Toothpick was just sitting for the most part. I sadly sold it for over double what I paid for it after having had fun with it for several years. I did spend about five to seven hours of work over those years, but that is the cost of ownership.

Toothpick.



Flipping Boats the Right Way Or, Buying Cheap Boats

By Greg Grundtisch

I also bought a peapod and Trailex trailer, again from the MAIB classifieds. The trailer was for Toothpick and the peapod was stored for years. Then two winters ago I rehabbed it completely from a bare hull and today it is a pretty little sailing rowing peapod that I was offered a very nice price for, well over the cost of time and materials. I reluctantly (temporarily) turned down the offer as we, (I, actually the lovely and talented Naomi is all about fleet reduction and cash in hand) wanted to sail it a few times before giving it up to a new owner. It will eventually get sold and the profits will go into the coffers of the fair Naomi.



Peapod before.

Peapod after.



Then there is the project boat that I am currently working on. It has a trailer and all the parts, but no sail. The trailer is the best part of it as it is in very good condition and spent its whole life in a garage until last winter, where it had to stay covered in tarps in our backyard. No indoor storage here. But I was offered double what I paid for both, for just the trailer. This flipping seems too easy, but so far so good.

I'm not getting wealthy and I am spending time painting and cleaning and looking for other "opportunities," but it puts a little spare change in my pocket for other boats and projects. OOPS! I mean cash to offer to the fair Naomi, to do with as she wishes.

My most recent find to date, in mid May, is a Phil Bolger Teal, a double ended sailing/rowing skiff. The man I bought it from built it but found he did not like sailing. He sailed it a few times and rowed it a few more times and then put it up in the rafters of his garage (for ten years)! He sold it (crazy cheap) because he had to move and had to clear out everything before closing day of the sale of his house. The sail of this boat is a Hunter and Gamble tanbark sail with Sitka spruce mast and sprit, along with ash oars and bronze locks and sockets. I'm still not sure if I should sell it or use it for a while. I'll check with Naomi on that. The man did a very good job of building and it's in very good condition.



Teal.

With the economic downturn that started in 2008, the market for boats has collapsed and realistic prices have dropped considerably. People with boats that have not been used in a few years are selling off as the market is not rebounding for these used (pre-loved) boats. Thus, we have an opportunity to get into small boating for a very modest cost or add a little folding money to our wallets and take our first mates to dinner.

As my Grandmother Francis always said, "When one door closes, another one opens, but don't wait for it, find a window, break it open if you have to and crawl on through. No point waiting around." Now is a very good time to go messing about in boats. The opportunities are there. As my father always advises, "Good deals come along all the time, it's the great deals to go after." There are some great deals available these days. Don't wait.

Melonseed in Early June

By Richard Honan

It's been a busy couple of days with brothers Steve and Bill attaching hardware and rigging the Melonseed for the first time. We started out with adding leather to the inside of both the gaff and boom jaws along the the mast collar. This leather will act as padding to prevent chafing.

Then it was on to the job of fastening the traveler, bow chocks, gudgeons, pintles, turning blocks and a bow eye (there will be a quiz on these terms tomorrow morning).

Yesterday was spent rigging the gaff sail for the first time, something completely new for Steve, Bill and I. Lots of new terms for even these three seasoned sailors, two hal-yards, a bridle along with a peak or lifting halyard. It was good to have Steve and Bill helping, but they never fully grasped the concept that I'm always right.



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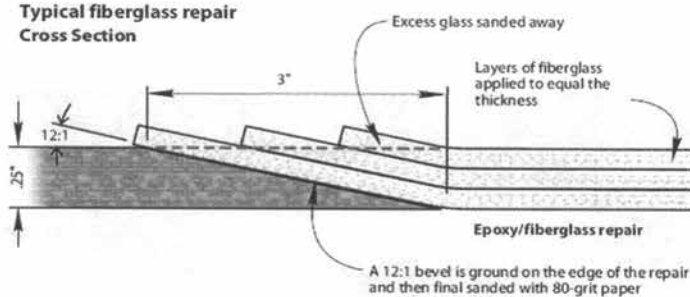
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Common Errors in Fiberglass Repair

By Jeff Wright

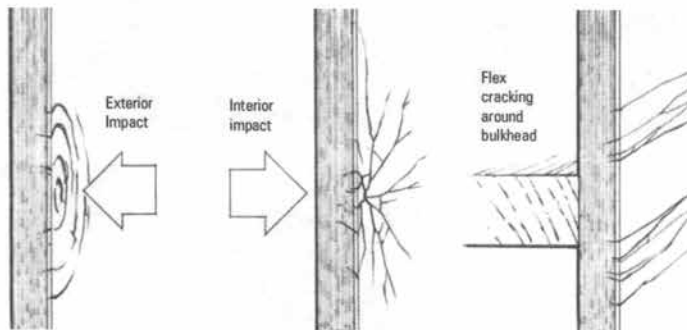
While most of our customers are successful when using WEST SYSTEM® Epoxy to repair damaged fiberglass, we have become familiar with some common mistakes that are easily preventable. These mistakes are made by both professionals and amateurs. The information discussed in this article is available in our Fiberglass Boat Repair Manual and WEST SYSTEM User Manual, and on our website westsystem.com.

**Typical fiberglass repair
Cross Section**



Typical Repair

This diagram illustrates how we recommend laminating a repair after the damaged fiberglass has been removed. It is critical that the scarf angle be at a minimum ratio of 12:1 and that the patch thickness matches the original laminate. Matching the original thickness ensures that the stiffness will be the same as the surrounding area, reducing the chance of a crack around the repair area.



Missing the root cause of damage

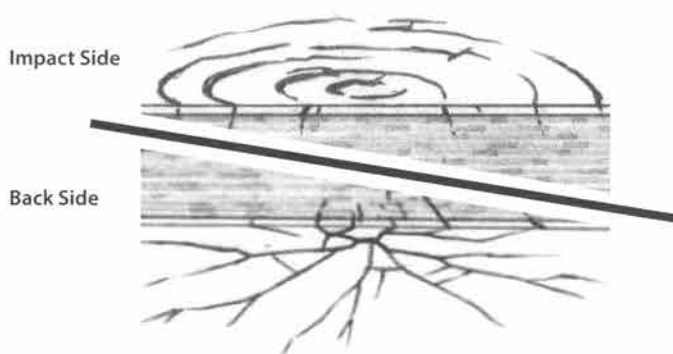
Finding the root cause of the damage can ensure that your repair holds up well for years. Stress cracks can help us understand what caused the damage. They may indicate whether something inside the boat has broken loose and caused the damage or if it was caused by something hitting the boat from the outside. The cracks can also point to a structural defect that must be corrected.



Poor adhesion caused by bonding to a damaged laminate

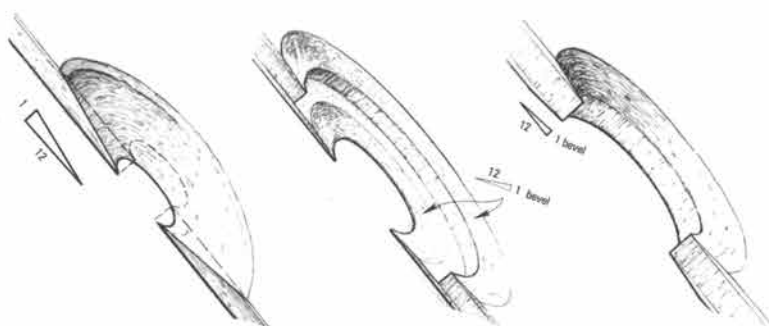
Adhesion failure in the repair laminate is the most common failure mode for fiberglass repairs. To ensure good adhesion it is critical that the repair patch is adhered to undamaged laminate. This requires identifying and removing all damaged material.

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Not accounting for backside damage when estimating repairs.

With a cored composite, damage can be hard to evaluate when just looking at the outer skin. To fully assess the damage, inner and outer skins and the core must be seen. These pictures show a fiberglass/wood/fiberglass laminate that looks only slightly damaged on the impact side, but the back side has significant amount of broken fibers. When there is no access to the back side, you may need to grind away the outer skin and core to inspect the inner skin.



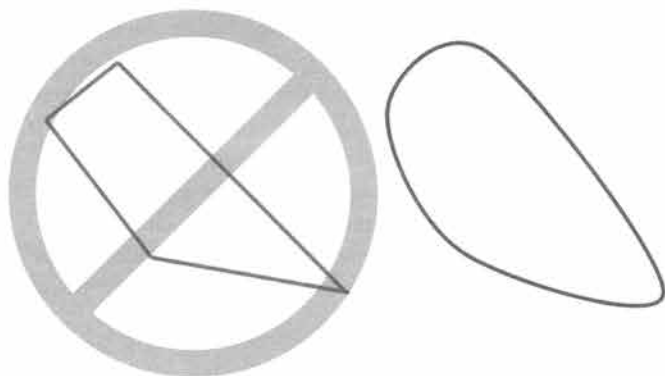
Inadequate scarf ratio

The scarf on the original laminate helps in many ways. It creates a substantial amount of surface area for adhesion and provides a transition zone so that the difference in properties of the new and original laminate are not concentrated at one point. We suggest a minimum 12:1 ratio between the length of the scarf and the laminate thickness. This ratio applies to both skins when repairing a cored laminate.



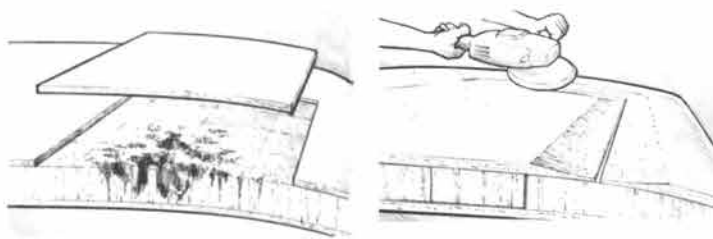
Damaging the surface of the repair area with excessive heat when grinding

The removal of the damaged laminate and creation of the scarf can be done with electric or pneumatic grinders and a 36-grit abrasive disc. Once everything is machined to the proper shape, the surfaces should be sanded by hand with 80-grit sandpaper. This is important because the high RPM power tools can generate significant heat that can soften the surface, resulting in a less-than-ideal surface profile for adhesion.



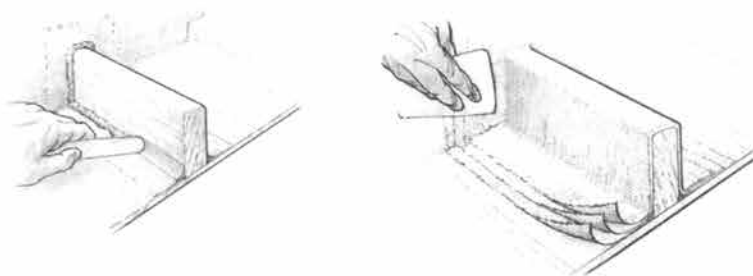
Creating sharp corners when shaping the area to be repaired

Corners can be described as stress concentrations. Machinists know this and avoid creating any sharp corners, machining a radius whenever possible. The same principle applies to fiberglass repair. Before grinding the scarf onto the surface, take the time to create a nice rounded shape to the repair area.



Discarding a reusable skin when replacing core

A common fiberglass repair is replacing damaged core, often because of water absorption. In many of these repairs the fiberglass "skins" are in great shape but need to be peeled off to replace the core. Bonding the original skin back onto the new core can save significant time and money. The only fiberglass required will be around the perimeter of the removed skin. This is a very nice technique when dealing with molded non-skid patterns.



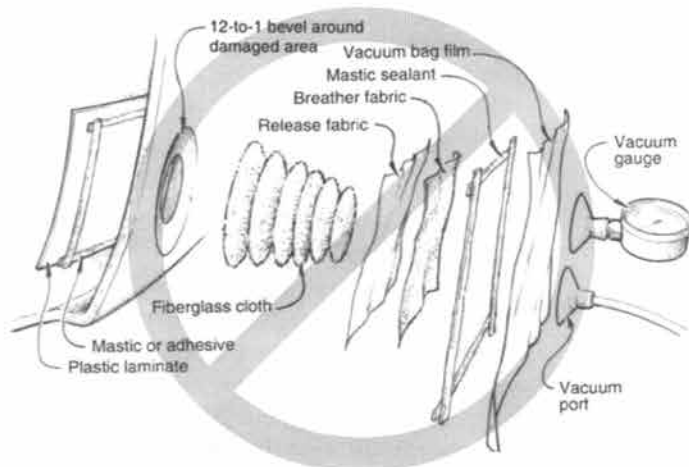
Creating stress concentrations by not filleting corners and tapering laminates

Sharp corners can cause a problem in the laminate just like they can in the shape of the repair area. Smooth the transitions by making a fillet with thickened epoxy on the inside corners. Also, when tabbing stringers and frames into place, taper the layers to create a nice thickness transition.



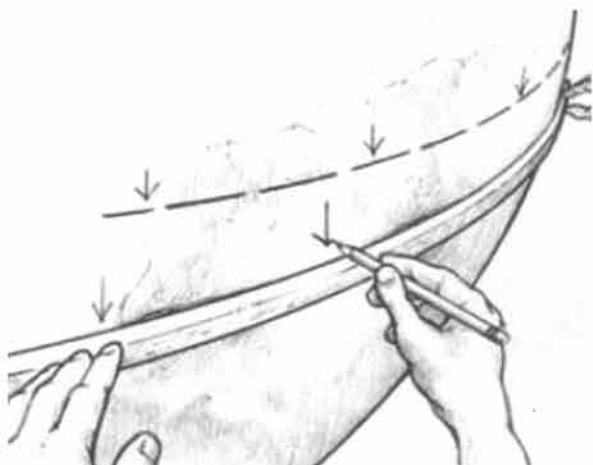
Contaminating the surface after it is sanded

The final hand sanding with 80-grit sandpaper results in an ideal surface for WEST SYSTEM Epoxy adhesion. The sandpaper has exposed resin and fiberglass that has only been touched by the sandpaper so there are no contaminants on the surface. Wiping it with solvents actually increases the risk of introducing contamination either from the rag or a recycled solvent.



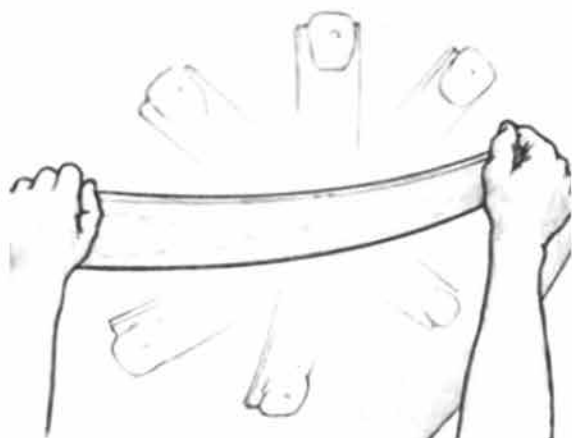
Vacuum bagging the repair laminate when unnecessary

When using a vacuum bag the surface that the bag is sealed against must be airtight. This can be difficult enough when using a mold so in the case of vacuum bagging to laminate the risk of a leak is substantial. If there is a leak then too much epoxy will be pulled out of the laminate leaving a dry, weak repair patch. It is also important to match the thickness of the repair laminate to the original laminate. If the repair laminate is too thin from being compacted by a vacuum bag it may not be as stiff as the original laminate; if the repair is thicker than the original, it may be much stiffer which can concentrate stress around the perimeter, possibly resulting in cracks.



Failing to properly “map” the surface before applying fairing compound

It is well worth spending time to find the high and low spots before applying fairing compound. This is accomplished by using a long batten, as shown in the picture. When the high and low spots are defined it is easier to develop a strategy of what locations need fairing compound and where added thickness is not needed, resulting in less sanding. This also increases the likelihood that the repair will be fair with the unrepaired areas. The WEST SYSTEM Final Fairing & Finishing manual is an excellent guide to saving time and getting great results when finishing the repair.



Using only a palm sander to sand surface resulting in an unfair surface

It is important to use a long board when fairing large flat areas. In many cases, sanding tools designed for automotive bodywork will not work well because boats often have much larger areas to sand. Also, in automotive work the original metal surfaces are much harder than the body filler. In fiberglass boat repair the repair area may have hardness very similar to the original laminate and you can accidentally change the shape of the surrounding area. Plan on using a variety of sanding tools if you are dealing with a repair that bridges both a flat area and a detailed area such as a chine or gunwale.



Applying an extra thick layer of fairing compound does not save time

When fairing the repair, plan on applying at least three applications of fairing compound. Applying thick layers of fairing compound can trap air bubbles and cause you to lose the shape of the surface that you have carefully mapped as mentioned earlier. Although applying fairing compound in multiple layers may seem to take more time, you'll actually spend less time sanding. Multiple layers will make it more obvious where the fairing compound needs to be applied. We also recommend completing the fairing work with a thin coat of unthickened epoxy to provide a nice solid surface for the final finish. ♦

For more fiberglass repair information, WEST SYSTEM Fiberglass Boat Repair & Maintenance and Final Fairing & Finishing are available as free downloads at westsystem.com.

I got very busy working on Pogo getting her ready to show off at the 2014 Lake Pepin Messabout. Spring is always a busy time in my life, so many things that need doing, but always getting to the lake takes first priority. Between lawn mowing and my full time nursing job I did get her to the lake for a test run.

I had a dolly that I built years ago that I modified to fit under the new boat, put a pair of handles on the stern of Pogo and I could wheel her around the yard. I found that I could lift the stern up onto the tailgate of my Ranger truck and slide it into the truck very easily.



I got her out to the lake and she got splashed on a windy day that I shouldn't have been out on the lake at all. I rolled her to the water and rigged things up on the grassy shoreline. When I slid her into the water I knew that I was in over my head. As soon as she was moving I came to realize that and I tried to turn back toward the shore that I had just left. I was on a starboard tack and screaming along fast, completely out of control. I made several attempts to tack with each one failing as the boat got hung up in irons. I tried backing around on the port tack but each attempt failed.

As I neared the far shore I finally got her onto the port tack and sailed straight back to the beach where this wild adventure started. So much for the first shakedown sail. I did learn a couple things that day. The sail really drove the boat. It had a very nice shape and a lot of power. The other thing I learned was that the leeboard vibrated badly.

A few days later, on a day that was nearly calm, I tried again. This time I at least had control of things and I found that the boat responded to my inputs fairly well but I had



By Mississippi Bob Pogo Update

a hard time trying to get my body placement. Jim Michalak designed the boat without seats of any kind and in the light air I couldn't find a comfortable spot to sit so I spent an hour kneeling in the bottom crawling about playing with the controls.



The vibration that I noticed on the first run I found didn't go away in the lighter air. As soon as I had steerageway the board began to vibrate and got worse as the speed increased. The vibration was so bad that the whole boat

would vibrate. It felt like sitting on a washing machine on spin cycle with an unbalanced load. I tried wedging the top of the board with a pointed stick or simply holding it tightly, but nothing I did fixed the problem.

Remember back a few months when I was describing the lamination of the leeboard and rudder? This plan was a total failure. The original foils that I built are now scrapped and new ones are being built from some 1/4" green treated stuff that I had. The new leeboard is almost exactly the same shape and the new rudder will be slightly longer. Both will have feathered trailing edges that I didn't think necessary when I built the originals.

Needless to say she didn't make her debut at Lake Pepin, instead I went there with the Mini Slipper, the stripper canoe that I built the previous year. I had never showed that boat off at Pepin before. Right now the Pogo project is on hold as I get into my spring boating season.

I have been working on the "Skat" sailboat. I have moved the traveler further forward as the sheet would often get caught up on the rudder head. Remember the broken tiller story a while back? I don't want a repeat of that.

I have also learned some about how to rig the sail on that gaff rigged boat. I was getting too complicated with the luff attachments and I have found that a single line works, starting at the gaff yoke, then once around the mast, then down to the top grommet and around the mast and through all the luff grommets, then through the yoke on the boom and tied it off there. This seems to work out very well. The sail is hoisted easily enough, the only trick is determining the length of line needed. Once this is established the sail goes up and down fairly easily. It only took me three years to figure this out (some of us are slow learners).

Most of my boating this year will be in one of my many canoes, much of my canoeing is a physical workout. Some folks jog. I have as many boats as I do because boat building is a hobby that is out of control. It is still June and I am asking myself what I should build next winter? Right now I have to work the bugs out of the Pogo and maybe add some seats (between lawn mowing and playing at the lake).

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At the end of April we have a number of activities along the Panhandle of the Gulf. One of these events is the Steven C. Smith Memorial Regatta at Shell Point that is held to raise money for the American Cancer Society. When possible, my wife and I are the race committee for the offshore sailboat races. This year my wife had to stay on shore and I went out with a couple from the yacht club, who had not been members of a race committee before but who agreed to help. Fortunately we had a very nice day with winds in the 10kt range, gentle seas and no major problems. Granted, one boat had the tiller break during the first leg of a race and had to be towed in, but once we had contacted another yacht club member out for a daysail and they went to rescue the disabled boat, the race committee was out of that picture.

With luck, the couple helping me will look back on the experience in a favorable light and agree to become a race committee for the yacht club. As I wrote about the subject in the March 15, 2007 issue, most sailing groups need people to serve on the race committee and will be glad for offers to be such from non racing sailors (or interested powerboat people). With a little training and going out once or twice with experienced race committee individuals, they can also "fly the flags."

It sometimes seems, like dock lines, that one can use a few more fenders when docking some place other than one's own dock. Since I did not see the final result I do not know what the completed project looked like, but a boat owner was trying to secure his boat off two pilings. He only had three fenders and was tying one to each piling vertically to protect the boat with the third not being used. Another fender would have allowed him to use some lumber to create two fender boards to hang from his boat and allow for any fore aft movement as well as the vertical rise and fall of the tide.

I have a commercial fender board (I take on trips) and two fenders for general use. While I have spare docking line, I really should consider some spare fenders so I could make up a second fender board if needed. Another collection of going on a trip gear is a couple of heavy pulleys, some chain, a couple of gallon milk jugs full of concrete (with rings coming out of the tops for the lines) and spare line of the right diameter for the pulleys.

The fender board(s) are used when necessary to protect the boat from pilings, the pulley (or pulleys) are set up so a line goes from a cleat on the boat through the pulley (secured with the chain to something) and one of the concrete weights (leave the plastic on to protect things from the concrete and the concrete from things). Regular docking lines are used to secure the boat and the



From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

weight/pulley arrangement is used to help hold the boat in place as the tide changes. Spring lines, adjusted for the tide range, hold the boat fore and aft while the weight/pulley arrangement holds the boat in the platform/piling situation.

A problem with the concrete weight is that the eyebolt rusts after a while and is no longer usable. To make a new weight, I purchase an eyebolt with nut and large washer. Added to this is some wire mesh cut to fit inside the bottle. The nut and large washer hold the mesh in place and the mesh helps keep the bolt from coming out of the concrete. I pour some ready mix concrete into the bottle and then add the mesh/bolt combination. I add concrete until the bottom of the mesh/bolt sets so that the eye protrudes above the top of the bottle. I then add the rest of the concrete.

Given the humidity in our area and the size of most ready mix concrete bags, I do a number of these weights at the same time, otherwise the unused concrete mix sets on its own in the garage. There is no need to use milk bottles as any 1gal (or so) container will do just fine for the purpose, but I have found that either round or square bottles set best in the boat when not in use. I also use these weights to hold temporary race marker floats when needed while acting as a race committee. Oh yes, the plastic bottle's top is cut out in a manner that allows the insertion of the concrete, mesh, etc, and still leaves the handle convenient to grab when necessary.

Are your switches protected? By that I mean that they will not be accidentally turned on or off. At one time I worked with a mechanical paper cutter. The power switch had a cover and to use the device we had to have both hands on separate push switches. This kept us from losing parts of our bodies when the machine was in operation. Like aircraft, boats have a number of switches (and other cutoffs) that keep things working. In an airplane, flipping the wrong switch accidentally can have immediate consequences.

The same is true on a boat, but the result usually does not create an immediate adrenaline rush. To start the Westerbeke Diesel engine on our boat, we have to hold down the glow plugs button for about ten seconds and, while holding the glow plugs button

down, push down the starter button. Both buttons require pressure to operate. An accidental bump of either button will not close the contacts. This may seem like extra work but the arrangement ensures that neither will be activated accidentally. All the other switches are inside the cabin are the rocker arm operation type. I made the change to the rocker arm approach when I replaced the earlier switch/fuse assembly. With the previous system I could switch something on while going into the cabin and brushing the toggle switch panel in passing. Now it takes a definite action to turn something on or off.

One tries to shop locally. After all, the marinas and marine supply stores need the business. The problem comes when one goes out of the way and spends about an hour to find out that the facility does not have the desired item available. I had called ahead on one such trip to check and was told that what I wanted was available in the store part of the marina. I made the trip only to find out that what I wanted was not available and was locked away in the parts area, which was closed. I went on home and got on the web. I found a dealer in Pensacola and checked. They had what I needed and would ship the parts to me. For a \$5 shipping cost I had the parts in two days. Guess who gets my business in the future?

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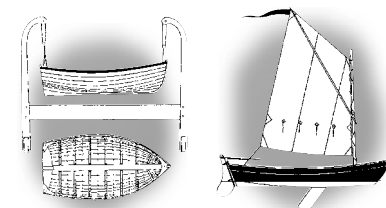


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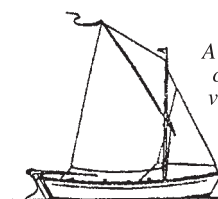


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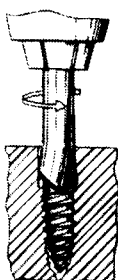
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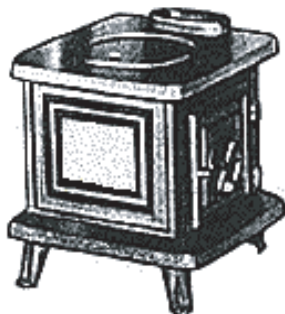
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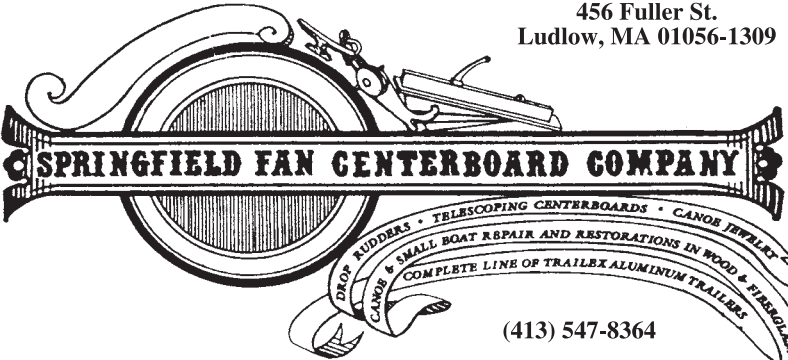
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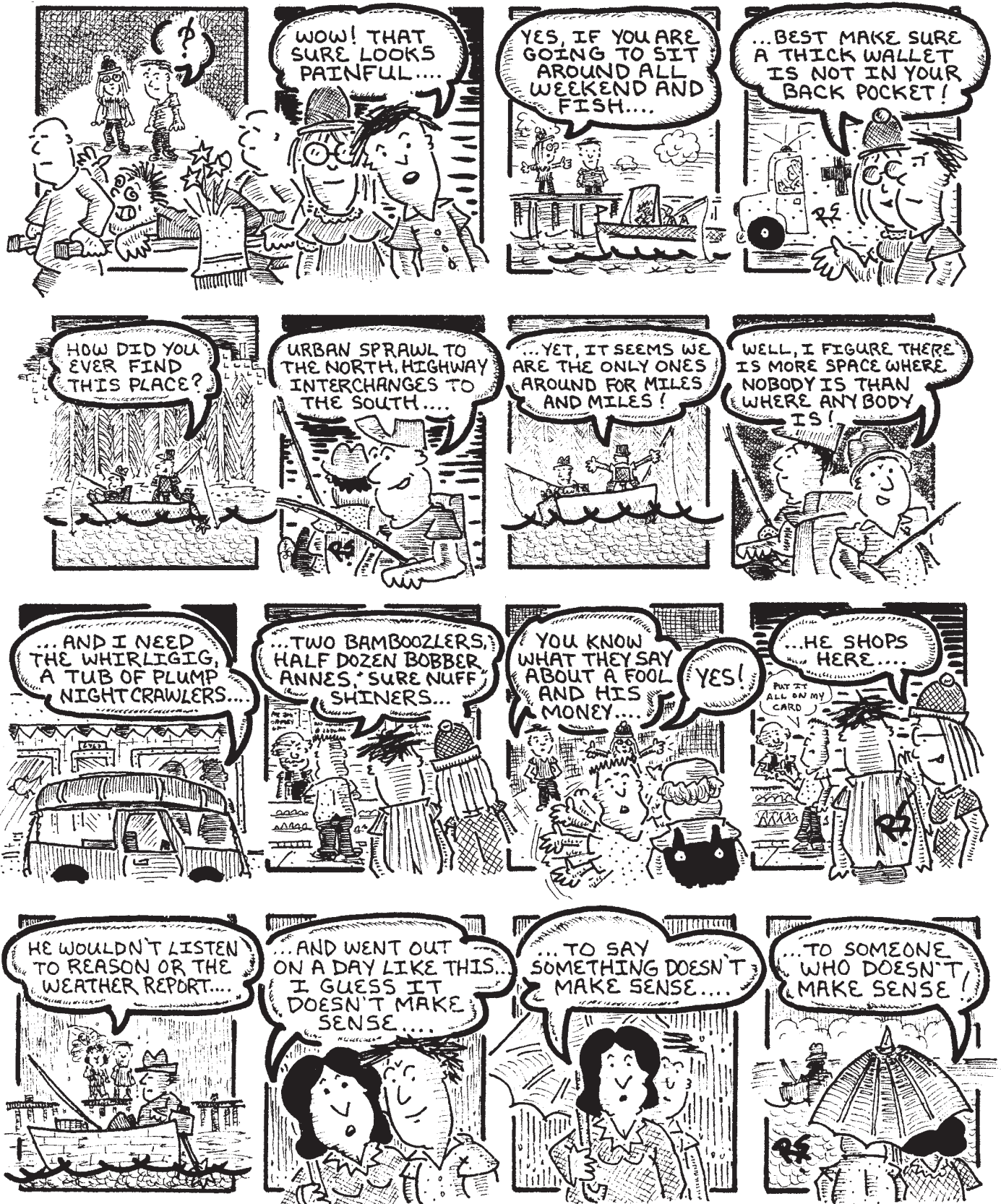
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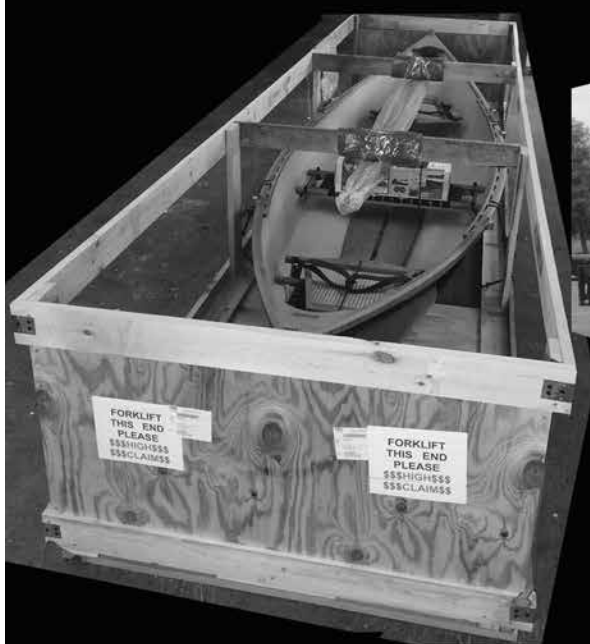
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